THE FUNNY MAG

11680

836

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF BOOKS
13 MAY 1935
MADRAS

Come Down,

Man, Flames

Rising Fast!

20th APRIL 1935

Single Copy : As 1-6.

THE FUNNY MAGZIN OF INDIA.

ISSUED EVERY 5th & 20th OF THE MONTH

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

		Inland	Foreign
ANNUAL (24 issues)	Rs.	2—0—0	4—0—0
HALF YEARLY (12 issues)	„	1—2—0	2—4—0
SINGLE COPY	„	0—1—6	0—3—0

Subscriptions are payable in advance and they may be commenced from any month. Subscription will be counted from the issues supplied. Subscribers changing their addresses should intimate to us beforehand mentioning their subscription number and their new address clearly written.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Only articles of a humorous nature *originally written* and *certified as such by the contributor* may be sent. *Copied articles or Slightly garbled ones need not be sent.* All manuscripts should bear the name and address of the contributor written in a prominent place. The manuscripts must be either typed or legibly written on one side of the paper with plenty of space between lines for editorial corrections if any. After the Editor has finished considering the articles rejected manuscripts will be returned if they are accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the loss of any. Articles will be paid at our usual rates. Contributions must be addressed to:—Editor, Funny Magzin.

Articles and Cartoons appearing in the FUNNY Magzin become the sole and permanent copyright of the publishers.

Advertisement Rates will be sent on application.

Telephone No. 3005.
Telegrams: "ANANDA BODHINI," MADRAS.

THE MANAGER,
The FUNNY MAGZIN,
6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudali St., Madras.

"FUNNY" the Best Seller.

So **VARIED** are the Readers of "Funny" Magzin.

Every Class of Goods can be sold through advertising in "FUNNY."

"Funny" is the joyful chum of all kinds and conditions of people—people in tram or bus or car or club or home, all read Funny.

"Funny" is passed on from friend to friend—and old copies are preserved.

So *valuable* is "Funny" to merchants.

Apply for terms :—To Manager, Funny Magzin, Madras.

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF BOOKS
18 MAY 1936
MADRAS

A WINDFALL TO ONE AND ALL

CAMBRIDGE SENIOR

December 1935 at Madras & July 1936 at Lahore.

ELECTRIC & MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Govt. Group Certificate at Madras, City and Guilds (London) Grade II & A.M.I.E.E. (London), & A.M.I.M.E. (London) 1936 at Madras, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi & Inter B.Sc. of London University at Colombo, 1936.

AUTOMOBILE ENGINEERING

City and Guilds Grade II April 1936 & A.M.I.A.E. (London) January 1937.

COMMERCIAL DIPLOMAS

Part I F.I.A. (London), & Inter F.C.I.I. (London), F.I.S.A. (London), C.A.I.B (London), B.A. 1936 at Madras, Bombay, Karachi, Calcutta, Colombo & Rangoon, & Final D. Com (Madras), D. Com (I.M.C.) F.C.I. (Birmingham) & Govt. Co-operative Test (Madras), 1936.

CIVIL ENGINEERING

Graduateship of Structural Engineers (London), December. 1935, Madras Govt. Group & City & Guilds (London) April, 1936, & A.M.I.C.E. (London) 1938 at Madras & Bombay & Inter B.Sc. of London University at Colombo in 1936.

London L.L.B. & B.A. at Colombo for Indian B.A's. & Combridge Senior—Certificato Holders; and Bombay High Court Advocate's Test for Indian S.S.L.C's. & Matriculates. Indian Matric & M.A. (Litt & Maths) & Public Service Commission Tests, I.C.S. & Railway Board Exams, at Delhi.

Cambridge Higher School Certificate held at Jubbulpur, in July, 1936 for admission of Indian Matriculates and S.L.C's. to Indian Junior B.A. & exemption from London Matric, Telegraphy, & Station-Master's Course, Radiology & Wireless.

Serampore B.D. for admission of Indian Matriculates & Intermediates to Calcutta M.A.

MADRAS AND ANDHRA S.S.L.C. INTER AND B.A. REVISION COURSES

JOIN FORTHWITH FOR POSTAL OR PERSONAL TUITION.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COLLEGE

100, Godown St., Opp. Flower Bazaar Police Station, George Town, Madras.

The only Institution that has passed out Students in Senior Cambridge with credit for the last twelve years with Latin, French, Sanskrit as second Languages and Physics, Chemistry and Higher Mathematics as Optionals at Madras centre, in six months against two years in other Colleges, backed up with two of its Cambridge Senior-passed students now studying for Bar-at-law in England, one for L.R.C.P. & M.R.C.S., three for Higher Electric Engineering in England and America, one having passed London B.A., & L.L.B. at Colombo and two now reading for the same, and in Electric Engineering in eight months against two years, backed up with Highest percentage of success in City and Guilds Grade II, 1934 Exam. the only Institution that commands, B.A.B.L's. and M.A.'s as students for Commercial Diplomas & highest number of candidates for Bombay High Court Advocate's Test and whence more than 50 Graduates have scored certificates of Proficiency in one single year 1931 in Telegraphy.

Success Guaranteed, Default fees Refunded in Senior, Engineering & Commercial Diplomas.

N.B.—Cambridge Senior is an Open Sesame to Sons of Doctors, Lawyers, Judges and Collectors, Professors, Engineers, Station Masters, Post and Telegraph Masters, Merchants and Accountants to cut short four years of Indian Inter and B.A. and obtain exemption from London Matric and admission to Public Service Commission Test for admission to Imperial Service Higher Grade at Simla and Delhi; L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. (London), London B.A. and L.L.B., B.SC., and B. Com. (held at Colombo). Bar-at-Law and I.C.S. Cambridge and Oxford B.A. & B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., and A.M.I.C.E. A.M.I.M.E. and A.M.I.A.E. (London); Chartered Accountants and Incorporated Accountants; and to L.M.P.S. and L.C.P.S's to obtain admission to IV year M.B.B.S. at Madras to appear privately.

2. The first Bombay L.C.P.S., Dr. Gangolli of Poona who passed Senior Cambridge in 1931 was a student of their College and their College is the first Institution in India to present Licentiates in Medicine for Cambridge Senior. One and all the Licentiates who appeared for Senior from their College so far have passed. The Two L.C.P.S's: Dr. Manibhai Dahyabhai Desai of Satara and Dr. Dineschandra Ramachandra Vaidya of Billimora who passed Senior Cambridge December 1933 Examination with credit and the only two with Chemistry and Physics as Optionals were presented by their College, and the only two Bengalees: Sailendranath Bose of Calcutta and Ashutosh Dulal Gupta of Dacca who passed Senior at Madras centre were trained in their College; a Living Testimony to their Glorious Achievement *viz*:—

A Recognition from Bengal and Bombay Presidency that recognise Nobody.

Address T.M.O.S:—**PRINCIPAL, ANGLO-AMERICAN COLLEGE, MADRAS.**

N.B.—1. FOR PROSPECTUS REMIT ANNAS EIGHT BY M.O.

2. For a typed copy of Syllabus in any one Section remit Rupees Three by M.O.
3. For a Printed Copy of a Guide to External Students going to England Remit Rs. 5 by M.O.
4. For a typed copy of Question Papers of any one Exam. Cambridge Junior or Senior remit Rupee one by M. O.

VERY EASY TO WIN. Rs. 5000

Closing Date
30th April 1935.

MUST BE WIN IN CASH.

SIMPLE CROSS WORD No. 1.

1 Y	2 A	R	3 D	⊕	⊕	4		G
E	N	⊕		⊕	⊕	A	⊕	⊕
L		⊕	5	6 A	L	L	Y	⊕
	I	⊕	7 K	N		V	E	8 S
⊕	L	⊕	⊕	9	E	E	D	
10	⊕	11	E	A	L	⊕	⊕	R
12 E	N		Y	⊕	⊕	⊕	13 F	
A	⊕	⊕	⊕	14 S		R		P
15 M			I	C	I	A	N	⊕

Clues across :-

1 An English measure
4 One having an ugly appearance
5 What the troops usually do when attacking.
7 These cut your pockets.
9 Little earning often makes one.
11 What you expect your servant to be.
12 What wicked people feel at the success of others.
14 On which you sharpen your shaving blade.
15 Pleases you, with his skill.

Clues down :-

1 Describes a long cry.
2 Forms a part of a Blacksmiths-assets.
3 What you find after sunset.
4 To divide into two equal parts.
6 Sufficient to post your entry.
8 Often used in drinks
10 A ray of light.
13 Helps to keep you cool.

RULES.

You may write your solution on plain paper.

(1) An entrance fee of As. 8 only must be sent by M.O. with each entry. All entries and M. O.s must be received by last post 30th April 1935. Any received later will be disqualified.

(2) A first prize of Rs. 3000 will be awarded to the Competitor who sends in an all correct slution which agrees with the sealed one lodged with the Manager. 2nd and 3rd prizes of Rs. 2000 will be awarded to runners up at the discretion of the Manager. In case of a tie or ties the prize amounts will be equally divided. Prize amount will vary in proportion to the entries received. Manager's decision is final and legally binding in all matters of the competition A winning competitor will get only one prize. The manager takes no responsibility for entries lost mislaid or delayed.

(3) Write your name and address on the back of the cover in block letters with the number of entries sent. M. O. receipt should be sent with the entry. M. O. coupon should not be filled in as it will be returned in tact.

(4) Any number of entries may be submitted. In no case the entrance fee will be refunded or credited to any other account.

Address all entries and M. O.s to :—

SIMPLE CROSS WORD NO. I

The Southern India Banking Corporation Ltd., Gadag.

Dt. Dharwar.

Note:—The closing date of our E T competition has been published as 15th April instead of 20th April (See Rule I.) in the last publication. To avoide confusion the date has been extended to 25th April 1935.

Compt. Manager.

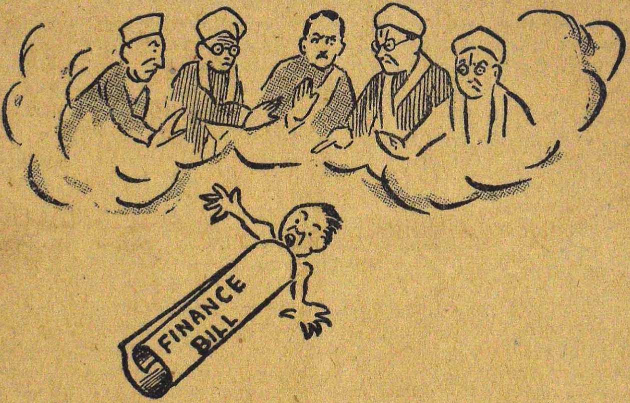
196751
Chennai 600 008
SL
M21, N33FM
N34.2.18

THE FUNNY MAG

PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH

Vol II. | MADRAS, 20th APRIL, 1935. | No. 18.

Visvamitra Willingdon Supports Unwanted Finance Bill.



Members of L. Assembly : " Mighty Visvamitra Willingdon, we can't endure this unwanted Finance Bill. Take it back" *Visvamitra Willingdon.* " Thou shall have it. I shall support it by strength of my 'Certifying penance." '

(The Hindu Puranas say that Trishanku, though hurled down by Devas from Heaven, was sent up against their wishes by sheer force of Visvamitra's penance)

Madras chooses Mrs. Lakshmipathy for M.L.C.

Mrs. Lakshmipathy, first Elected Lady M.L.C. of Madras.

Mrs. Lakshmipathy's success—an All-Party Victory.

Mrs. Lakshmipathy's Election contested on Principle.

Madras Honours a Lady of unsurpassed Public Service.

MRS. Rukmani Lakshmipathi is an M. L. C. to-day. Madras has returned the fighting lady by a swelling majority which must swell the hearts of the Voters with pride.

• • •

Opposition there was: there ought to be: public life would be stagnant without opposition and would die of want of vitalising struggle for existence—opposition there was as the very spark for all living politics.

• • •

But for opposition, Mrs. Lakshmipathy's election would have been as tame—if not as humiliating—as a nomination, no matter whether by Govt. authority or by party bargaining.

• • •

Congress stood up for open battle; Justice Party stood up and faced the fight: a keen contest as the event of political chivalry was witnessed.

• • •

Not that there was much doubt about the result: Madras would choose a lady—at least to mark the City's sense of regard and admiration for a lady who seeks open and breezy election instead of the stagnant and stunting atmosphere of nomination.

• • •

Yet, Mr. Ranga Ramanujam, the rival stood up as a rival to Mrs. Lakshmipathy: he would not let it be said—as a former Governor remarked almost in derisive sympathy—that in all Madras City there was such indifference and inactivity that there came up no rival just because a lady chose to stand as a candidate.

• • •

No matter whether a Lady stands, a seat thrown open for Election should be contested: that was the Principle of political practice that was observed and thus Madras was honoured.

• • •

No matter whether Mr. Ranga Ramanujam thought to secure a victory—and in political elections no person however powerful can be sure, that he stood even against such odds, sure of being beaten—for the sake of a principle!

• • •

If Madras City to-day is proud of Mrs. Lakshmipathy, M. L. C. her Lady fighter, there is yet one who can stand up and take a defeat as sportingly as the rival has done.

• • •

Yet another proof that Madras City can use her vote in an above-all-party spirit.

* * *

Madras elects the first Lady M L.C. with a thumping majority to the joy of all. And Madras elects Mr. Ladden as its Mayor when a Britisher chooses to serve the City.

* * *

Bravo, Mrs. Lakshmipathy! Bravo, her Rival; Bravo, Madras City that can rise above Party or Nationality!

5 SENSATIONAL OFFERS

Of the Grace Mission to Popularise

HOMOEOPATHY & BIOCHEMISTRY

1. 3750 more Scholarships this year.
2. Supply of genuine Homoeopathic & Biochemic remedies, cheap.
3. Money loans to members and purchasers of medicines at $1\frac{1}{2}\%$ interest per annum, redeemable in 25 years only.
4. Pensionable posts under the Mission for capable members.
5. Free consultation to the sick by correspondence.

Apply:—

For prospectus enclosing 2 anna stamps, to the Grace Medical Mission, Mavelikara, Travancore.

QUAINT COMPANY

BY T. L. EDWIN

WHEN we are on a long railway journey, we often encounter some very quaint and odd fellow-travellers. It is such peope who help us to while away the tedious monotony of a train journey.

Let me tell you my experiences with a few such individual curiosities. I always make it a point when travelling long distances to choose the buffet carriage. A carriage which has a refreshment room at one end and four small compartments at the other.

Once I was returning from Pondicherry to Madras. A stout Chettyar was the only other occupant of the carriage. Now as you all probably know Pondicherry is French Territory, and hence the custom authorities would tramp in and demand whether you had anything to declare, and when you answer in the negative, ask for your keys, open your suit case, turn everything inside topsy and also turvy, and expose the contents to the gaze of fellow-travellers.

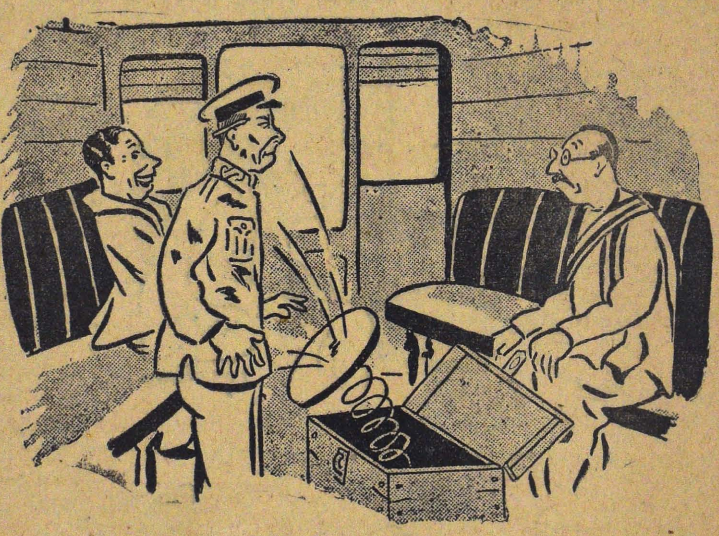
NOW this Chettyar, as he confided to me later had, been frequently travelling to and fro from Pondicherry to Madras on business and consequently had undergone considerable trouble from these pestering Customs Officials. So this time he hit upon a brilliant plan, to put one over on them. He brought an extra box, modelled after government bullion boxes, and when as usual the Customs Officials boarded the train and demanded the key, he handed it over with obvious reluctance. This naturally piqued the curiosity of the officials, and dreams of promotion and a rich haul floated before their minds as they opened the box.

But no sooner was the key turned, than the lid of the box flew open by itself and a tray operated by a spring shot out and threw into their faces 2 lb. 3 ozs. of sneezing powder. Uttering many vague threats and sneezing hundreds of times till tears came into their eyes the officials made their exit.

* *

On another occasion I was returning from Trichendur to Madras. It being the day previous to the Women's Christian College reopening day many charming girls were on the train. The Trivandrum express, obviously pleased at the delightful burden it was carrying, steamed into Tinnevelly junction correct to Scheduled Time. An immaculately clad young man stood on the platform helping the girls with their luggage. He was running hither and also thither, opening doors, carrying the girls luggages, finding corner seats near the windows for some etc. I was surprised, not at his actions but because he seemed to know every girl in the train.

Then when the train began to move, he stood at the platform, the very picture of misery and taking out his handkerchief waved it and blew



— *the box flew open by itself* —

several dozens of exquisite flying kisses.

When the girls had settled down, and the train had gathered speed, a delightful thing in a chocolate saree addressed her chum and said:

"Well, that was a pretty close shave. If it hadn't been for your brother, I would never have caught the train."

"My brother!" replied the other with unfeigned astonishment. "He was not my brother. I thought he was yours!"

Then the girls asked each other as to who he was, but nobody seemed to know him, and to this day the girls are at a loss to know what to do with the umpteen flying kisses he had lavished upon them!

* *

On another occasion I was returning from Bangalore. I got into a third-class carriage. A man with a grizzly beard was my only fellow-traveller.

After a few minutes I opened my news-paper and began to read. Soon I became aware that the other man was perusing the other side of the paper which faced him. Soon he began to fidget and to show signs of some little excitement. I was the first to speak. I had finished the first page and wished to go on to the second but realising that the other fellow might be in the thick of a very interesting and entertaining paragraph, I enquired very politely.

"May I?"

"Excuse me sir, but that's me" said the old man with the grizzly beard pointing to something in the paper.

"How do you mean?" I asked

"Why, that sir!" and he pointed to an advertisement of 'Pandit Gonu's Rheumatism cure.'

I looked and I saw a small portrait over a testimonial.

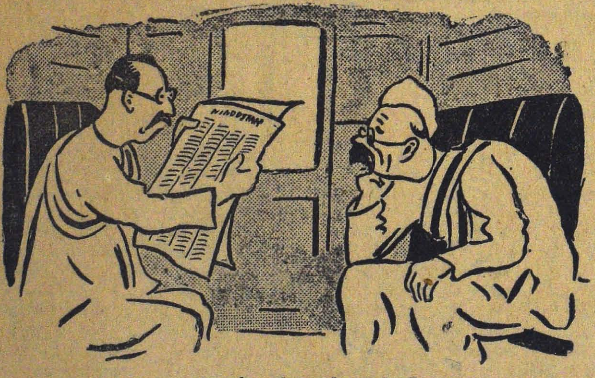
"CURED AFTER 40 YEARS OF SUFFERING."

"That's me!" he cried triumphantly. "I am a famous man now. You see sir, it is a wonderful fine thing to be famous. I'm the talk of my village. It is a mighty fine and hard thing to appear in the papers alongside of Speed-kings. Political Heads, Herr Hitler, Seignior Mussolini Channel Swimmers, Cinema Stars and S. Satyamurthy. Even my wife thinks somewhat of me now and I don't get so much nagging from her as I used to. And the other women are jealous of her 'case she's married to a man wot's, 'ad 'is picture in the papers."

By this time the train steamed into Arkonam, where the old man's journey ended. So he got up and immediately his face twitched with pain.

"Why what's the matter," I inquired.

"Oh 'tis nothing. 'Tis only my rheumatic pains, I get it often. I've had them for the last forty years," he said and left me.



— *was perusing the other side of the Paper* —

Manager's Notice

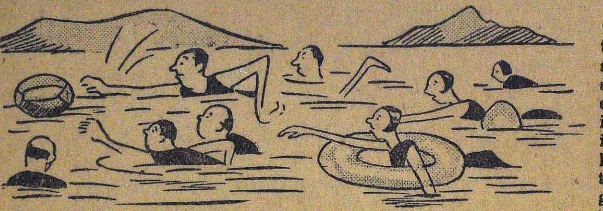
Mr K. A. Mariappan, Advertising & Puzzle consultant, residing at 16, Kuppumuthu St., Triplicane, Madras, has been appointed as our special advertisement representative.

By order,
Manager,
FUNNY MAGZIN.

The Lucky Dog.

Hints on Water Polo & Boxing

By J. H. ACOTT.



I WOULD like, in the space at my disposal, to give a few hints on two popular modern games. Perhaps what I say may be unconventional, but as both pastimes are almost universally participated in, I hope my readers will find my hints and descriptions of interest.

I am, by nature, about six feet and a half tall, and could, should the necessity arise, crawl through the key-hole of my bath-room door and so on down the drain pipe. But I hope this fact will not detract from the interest of what I am going to tell you about water Polo and Boxing—Water Polo from the point of view, mainly, of ladies.

Water Polo is obviously played in water. You couldn't very well lay it on dry land.

THERE are seven to a side, and each one of a side must have great skill in the Art of All in Wrestling, for offence is the greatest and most important part of Water Polo. It's no good your sitting back in the water and waiting for things to happen. One of your opponents may come along under water and bite you in the calf; or you may suddenly find yourself grasped by many pairs of hands and drowned.

The area of play must be about 20 by 30 yards. This is a stipulation that provides mainly for women players. If the area was the bigger, the ladies would find it hard to hear each other shrieking and hooting during the game. It is also a right-handed compliment to women—as thus:—20 multiplied by 30 equals 600. And all women talk 600 to the minute.

A game is played for seven minutes each way, with a rest of three minutes between each half. These three minutes are provided especially for lady contestants, who, during the interval, may rush to their "Make-Up" boxes and "make up." In most baths where Water Polo for ladies is a speciality, there are provided large quantities of spare hair and skin, with a false eye or two. These reserves speak for themselves.

A goal is scored when a ball, about 28" in circumstance, passes between the goal posts and under the bar. If any lady player happens to be swearing at one of her opponents and the ball enters her mouth and disappears, this is counted as two goals for the opposing side. If the lady who has swallowed the ball can produce it again, then the opposite side only gets one goal, and can promptly start pulling the aforementioned lady to pieces.

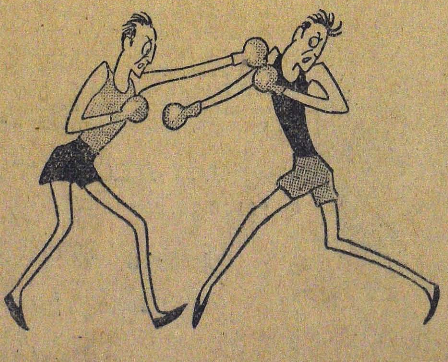
There is a referee and a timekeeper, who are nearly always males, and as such, entirely negligible where the lady players are concerned.

Players may strike or dribble a ball but may not hold it. If a lady player did, the results can well be imagined! Tigers and a hare wouldn t be in it!

No player is allowed to strike the ball with both hands, but any player may sock an opponent on the jaw with both fists. While the stricken one is unconscious, the remaining players may proceed to drown her or stand on her face and sing "Hallelujah!"

For wilful fouls, such as squirting a mouthful of water into an opponent's eye, striking an opponent on top of the head with a well-concealed brick, kicking, an opponent in the Adam's Apple, etc. etc., the offender may be ordered out of the water by the referee. Of course, nobody takes any notice of him, so he might as well drown himself.

Well, that concludes Polo, Water, for Ladies (?)



And now for Boxing, not for ladies this time, please!

You all know that Boxing is the art of hitting without being hit. There are, for nearly all of use, only two great difficulties in this Noble Art.

One is being able to hit, and the other trying to prevent ourselves being hit. Still, with seventy years' practice or so, this becomes mere child's play. By that time too, you should be able to hit the bottom of your coffin a resounding thump. And when the mourners start throwing dirt at you, you can hop out of your box and say "Bo!" to them, thus getting your own back.

You all know what is an Amateur Boxer? Well, if you don't, he is a man who has had not more than two hundred fistic combats with his wife, and not more than six hundred with his mother-in-law.

I will not go into the weights of the different classes or boxers. It is quite sufficient to know that if you are a Penny-Weight, you stand no chance at all where your wife is concerned if she is an Elephant-Weight.

A referee and two judges should always be present at a Boxing bout. They merely sit at the side of the Ring and shout "Fight on!" and "Come on don't tickle him;" every now and then. And if you could only see most of them when their wives start on them at home!

Matches usually consist of three rounds, two or three minutes' duration, and one of four minutes. If you're pretty good, you last for one round. If not, you're out of the running in a second.

If one boxer gets a clout on the beak and promptly lies down and starts dreaming of goblins, his wife, income tax, and other nightmares, you might just as well say he is the loser. For he won't feel like fighting any more after seeing his wife in a vision. She's bad enough in the flesh!

The Ring, which is usually 12 by 24 feet, is roped in. These ropes are to prevent a boxer from running home to wifey during the fight. Many a boxer has been very thankful for these ropes—married boxers, that is. The ropes are also there for a tired boxer to lean on. And cases have been known where combatants have gnawed on the ropes to clean and sharpen their teeth and also to put the wind up their opponents. In one famous fight in China, both the contestants struck each other a resounding thump on the left ear. Being somewhat hazy after this, they started a tight-rope act on the ropes of the ring. Both of them now work in a circus, being in the same cage as the monkeys.

Well, I think, nay, I hope, that I have helped you all. Go in and win! And if you want to know what sport I participate in—well—I'm very skilful at the Art of "Acting the worm." Did I hear you say you didn't know what that is? You *would* know if you had wife like mine!

Lo! Here is the

PUZZLE DIGEST

The Book of the hour and the Talk of the Day

A veritable treasure house of clues for all puzzles. Don't be sad any more. PUZZLE DIGEST will dispel all your gloom. Buy a copy and earn a fortune. Price Rs. 2/- only.

It is a superb puzzle dictionary without on equal in the field, containing exhaustive lists of puzzle terms with complete alternatives for solving **Missing Letters, Cross words, Tails, Heads, Add-a-Bit, Give and Take, etc.,** all in classified headings. Chapters on *Indian Cities and Towns and Cities of the world* are specially interesting and form an outstanding feature. No necessity to rack your brain. PUZZLE DIGEST has solved everything for you.

BUY A COPY AND MAKE A FORTUNE

PRICE Rs. 2/-] [POSTAGE As. 8/-Extra.

Messrs MILLER & JONES,

5, Bashyakaralu Nayudu Street,

G.T., MADRAS.

BRAIN SPARKLERS

HINT FOR LADIES.

You can look a perfect picture if you keep in a happy frame of mind.

• • •

MODERN MAXIM:—LOVE ONE—THEN ANOTHER.

• • •

Some women permanently waive their bills as well as their hair.

• • •

Experience teaches the backer of horses that stable information is invariably unstable information.

• • •

An extravagant girl makes a poor wife and a bankrupt husband.

• • •

TO BET IS HUMAN, TO FIND A WINNER IS DIVINE!

• • •

The law is severe and cold ; just-ice in fact.

• • •

A slip of a pen can cause a man a lot of trouble—so can a slip of a girl.

• • •

A BEARD IN HAND IS SAFFER THAN A CURL OF A GIRL.

• • •

It is usually the forward girl who is rather fond of looking back.

• • •

Cosmetics put young heads on old shoulders.

• • •

Opportunity knocks for every man but it is the woman who gets the ring.

• • •

It is all right for a woman to play around with an old flame——provided her husband doesn't see the light.

• • •

The secret of a woman's success is often her success in keeping a secret.

• • •

A SPINSTER'S BIRTH-DAY USUALLY SENDS HER INTO FITS OF SUBTRACTION.

• • •

A man who thinks he understands women isn't a very great thinker.

• • •

Take away woman and you'd have to look for man's other troubles with a microscope.

• • •

A WISE MAN WOULD RATHER BE IGNORED THAN BORED.

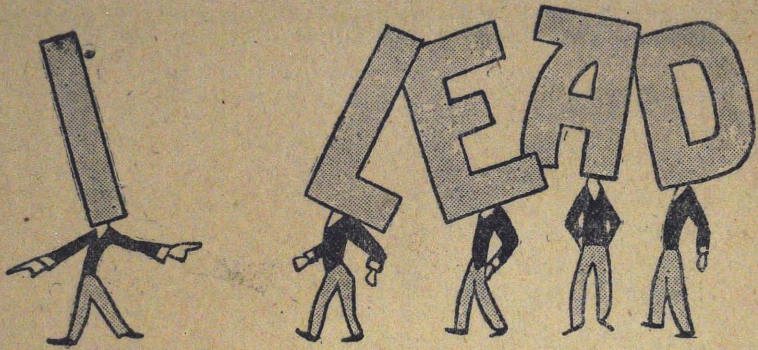
• • •

Married men do not tell lies from choice, but because their wives will persist in asking foolish questions.

• • •

MARRIAGE IS THE SPLICE OF LIFE.

• • •



BY A.C.PETERS

RAMU had just come back from school, not tired, but awfully hungry. He threw down his slate and his box of wooden alphabet, and ran away to find his mother to get something to eat.

The slate fell 'clang' on the table, and yawned.

" Oh, dear, dear, dear, what a dull day I have had."

" Have you ?" asked the wooden letter B, jumping out of the box.

" Oh yes, Ramu did not make even one scratch on me."

" Didn't he ? Well, sleek-faced, you should be pleased, we had a rough time of it, today. We were made to fall hundreds of times, and then again separated and thrown-about, and assembled and again demobilised. Life is not always a grand sweet song." " Sweet song" you said, asked the letter S, jumping out of the box.

"Yes, I said ' Sweet Song'," retorted B, " have you anything to say ?"

" Oh yes, I have to say a lot," said S, " you should in the first place be thankful you have me, otherwise there wouldn't be any Sweet Song and you couldn't say 'say' but for me."

" Oh shut-up, you crooked twisted beggar." flung back B.

" Shut-up, you said. You could not shut me up if it were not for me ; as for being crooked, I should like to see how you ever could get Symmetry without me, and not only that, have you ever realised how I can turn miles into smiles, laughter into slaughter, and in into sin, light into slight, and just imagine how liver becomes sliver, and then how could you smell, sniff or sneeze even, and while I create slump, I bring the ultimate success in season, through speculation."

" Through Speculation ?" asked B.

" Yes."

" That just shows what a lot of people you have ruined by speculation." explained B.

" I am not responsible for that, have I not created slowness and sense, using both these things one cannot ruin himself in any sort of speculation, and then there is steadiness, and after all do I not finally add security to all this, how can you have safety and security but for me, and while you scorn me for self-praise, you will agree that I give service and stability to the world, and while a man may be rash and going fast, do I not afford him sobriety, to enable him to manage his affairs solidly and satisfactorily ?"

"OH, I have heard all that before" argued B, " but I don't see the basis of your greatness."

" Yes, a Bad little B like you cannot."

" I may be Bad, but don't you realise how there'd be no Blessings without me, and who could Baptize, Bless, Beautify or even Ban without me? And I am sure you couldnt Bat, Bowl, Back or Banish but for me' and while I agree there is nothing Bad without me, you cannot have anything Better at the same time, and then what about all that is the Best, and I may as well confess that although at times I make you feel Blue, I have created such things as Beer, Banana juice, and Bottles, which if you take you'll decidedly feel Big, Better and Bucked-up, while you, S, create Sin, Sorrows, and

Separations, which drive a man to suicide."

" I do create Sorrows, but don't you see finally it is I who come to Soothe, Supplement, and Satisfy, and where I have cast Suspense, I also bring Surprises, and my Shortage is always balanced by my Supply. Have you ever seen such Surprising Samples of Synonyms and Antonyms ?',

" Tut, tut," disgustingly said B.

" Thats right, B," said T coming on the spot, "Tut-Tut and Tcha, and Tish, and also Thut. You have to give these people hell-fire and brimstone before they wake and realise where they are going to."

" Why are you in a Temper, T ?" asked S.

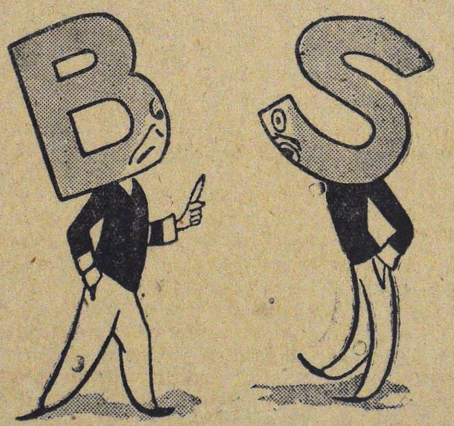
" Anybody at the Sight of you, S, will be in a temper. You are crooked and you really look like a Snake, Skeleton, and worse still, you remind me of a bad case of Small-pox. You have always undone me and my work, you have always come and spoiled that which I cherished most. You turn Train into Strain, Treat into Street, Tart into Start, Talking into Stalking, and what really bites into my flesh is the way you have usurped, forfieted, and annexed words like Tory, turning it into Story. Tone into Stone, and although I took all the trouble of turning Ale into Tale, you went and spoiled the whole thing by turning it just Stale, so much so that I have a good mind to Tear and Torture you, and deal with you Thoughtlessly with Thunder, Tornado and Tempest Not only are your mischiveous machinations confined here, see what you have done to TABLE—a respectable thing on which Kings and Princes, Ambassadors ane Governors, and sometime even Authors, dine, you have turned it into a most disreputable thing a Stable, and then see Take is Stake, Tack is Stack and Talk is Stalk, even lovely words created by me like Tint and Teams have been knocked out of shape and made Stint and Steam, when it comes to brinjals and ice-cream with chutney and loaf for breakfast you, S, deserve to be Treated with a Torturing Truculent Tincture of Tamarind and Tartaric,"

" Eggs-act-lee what he deserves.', said L joining the dispute. "He has been playing a lot of such dirty tricks with me too. He has gone and converted Low into Slow, Light into Slight, and Lash into Slash, just as if I cannot take care of my own vocabulary. Then again see what he has done to Late, Lump, and Link, perfectly good words, which have been twisted into Slate, Slump, and Slink. You are an interfering cad, S, and if I could only have my way I'd anyday Lash and Level you into a Low-lying Laplander."

" Now, now, boys," enquired D, taking the situation in at a glance, "what is all this hubbub about ? Why can't you ever agree with one another ? Even when you are put together in a line you keep nudging, pushing, teasing, and making faces at each other. What is all this row about, anyway ?"

" Oh Damn your impudence, D," said L, who was in none too good a mood.

" Now, L, don't you Dare to Damn and Defy Me, and don't forget that I am at the head of the host of the DEVIL Dealing Death Damnation and Destruction to Dogs of your type. You must take care, L, else there is Danger, Detriment, Desolation, Devastation and Disaster in your way, and while I have no objection to let you accompany me in things like Doll, Dole and Dispell, I certainly object to your Derision, Disdain, Dissent and Darned-cheek, simply because you have occasionally given me a last place in Lead, Load and Lad, and the fact that I am nowhere in important affairs like Love, Life and Lore, should not lead you to think that I am unimportant, because all your Liberty, Lacquer, and Light are not be compared with my Dartmoor, Distemper and Darknees, and while you may beat me where Language, Law and Luck are concerned, I still hold my own field in Dumb, Duffer and Disaster, before which your Language, Law and Luck are of no use, and if you still think you can argue with me, I shall Damn you till Doomsday to remain in 'ell your own creation, and just see what you have gone and done to innocent Pronouns like He and She, one you have turned into Hell, and the other into Shell, while Be and See, Do and So, have been most mercilessly treated by you, and turned into Bell, Sell, Doll and Sol. I have a good mind to Decorate you with a Decoration from Delhi."



" Tut, tut," disgustingly said B.

" Oh you'll do, will you ?"

" Oh. yes, Do and Doing, Did and Done, because I distrust and Detest you."

" Zut, Zut, boys, what is all this quarrel about ?" asked Z.

" Nothing much, Z," explained L, " you know how well you and I get along, but when I have to deal with fellows like D, I loose my rag.'

" Iz Zat Zo? L,'

" Yez, just zee, in Zeal you and I get along nicely."

" Oyez, oyez, we do zoo, then whyz cantz youz make up and be good friendz?" asked Professor Z'

" Sez you" interrupted D.

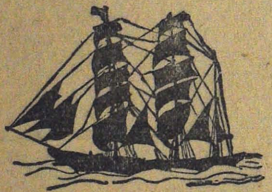
" Yez, sez I," retorted Z, and you should take care of yourself, D, don't be puffed-up with your own importance, and dont forget while you and I have been good friends in Zodiac and Zend, I have got good friends like Zebra, Zulu, Zero and Zythum, who will anyday knock the hash out of you, so you better get going, and be gone, or your Gentle Ghost will Gaze

Gloomily at your Gaping Gizzard from the Grave."

"Ah—how comforting to think there are people who still think of you," said G, joining the controversy.

"Oh yez, G," said Z," you are always a good lad, see how well we have got along in Gooze, Graze, and Gaze, although somehow this dirty crooked twister S has usurped my place in Goose, anyway I am quite contented with what I already have."

"Of course, Z, one should be, and I am the last man to boast of my virtues, but atleast one thing I should like to say, while I point the final aim of man in Grave, I afford Gaiety and Gladness, and while all Ghastly things are mine and I create Griefs and Groans I also remind one of the inherent Goodness in man, and the numerous Divine gifts which HE has bestowed on mankind, and above all do I not remind you of all the Eternity and its Great Creator—GOD HIMSELF.?



NO LIFE WITHOUT A CHILD

97% cure of sterility in women is guaranteed by CONCEPTO TABLETS Thoroughly tried by a German Doctor. Full course of treatment 24 tablets Rs 5/- (Money refunded if no conception)

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

Steno House Agency, Amritsar.

Low Entrance Fee, Lesser no. of alternatives & Guaranteed Cash Prizes.

WIN RS. 500

IN THE VELU MISSING LETTERS COMPETITION

Entrance Fee As, 2.

First Prize Rs. 300. Second Prize Rs. 200.

Minimum Prize Rs. 20 Guaranteed for every correct solution.

LAST DATE FOR RECEIVING ENTRIES 4TH MAY 1935

SEALED KEY SOLUTION & Rs. 500 IN CASH DEPOSITED WITH THE PROPRIETOR OF FUNNY MAGZIN.

No.	WORDS.	CLUES.
1.	— — SKET	1. Found in houses.
2.	—AL—	2. A Tree.
3.	A— —D	3. Old.
4.	SA—	4. Cutting instrument.
5.	— —G	5. Swine.
6.	P— —	6. Cooking vessel.
7.	P— —	7. Used when writing.

Substitute one letter for each dash to get the given clues.

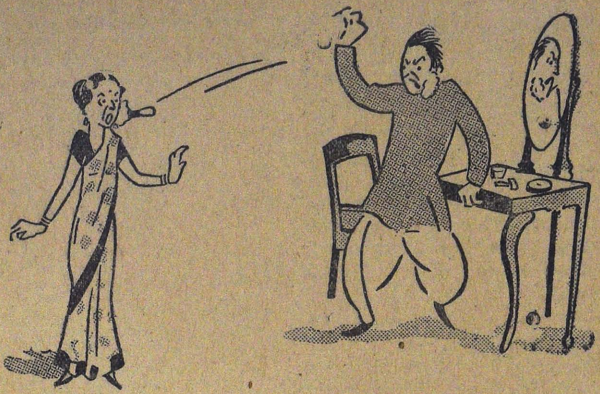
RULES :—Every entry must be accompanied by an **entrance fee As. 2** either in postal stamps or by M.O. or by Postal orders. Entries may be submitted on plain paper with your full name and address. The first prize of **Rs. 300** will be awarded to the correct solution, that is one which exactly tallies with the sealed solution deposited with FUNNY MAGZIN and the second prize of **Rs. 200** to the one errored solution. In case of ties the prizes will be divided. The decision of the Manager is final. Results will be published in the Funny Magzin issue of 20-5-1935. Those who require results should send 1½ as. and the Funny Magzin copies will be posted only to them on the 20th. Money orders will be sent to all the Prize winners within 10 days after the closing date.

Address all your entries & M.O's to :—

The Manager, MARUTHY & Co.,
Perambur Baracks P.O., MADRAS.

Husband-Craft!

BY DHALO



PETULANT anger surged through Padma. It had been a very trying day for her. She lay limp on the drawing room settee with a neglected, distracted look. Her hair unkempt and loose, fell straggling over her shoulders. She sniffed twice and dried her eyes with the flowiug end of her silk sari.

"Great Jehoshaphaat!" she said to herself. "It is hardly two months since my marriage and my husband has already begun the usual fault-finding abuse which, I have heard, is common to all men-folk."

She recounted in her mind the various stages of the domestic earth-quake tremors that had unsettled the household that morning. Even before her mental seismograph could register the onset of her husband's tempestuous outburst, the un-programmed events had happened. Ramu, her husband, had got up that morning with a long face. Longer than that of a giraffe, he had crinkled and turned up his nose like a prize pig and snorted with greater vim than a bucking broncho. When he found that his last razor blade behaved like a paper knife and removed only the soap on his chin, he had bellowed. When he fished out his old style bone-handled razor and found that in its prolonged rest it had developed into a saw, he had thundered to Padma, "What has a happened to my old razor? It doesn't shave." And Padma had truthfully but tactlessly answered "Bunk! Only last week I was able to sharpen a pencil with it."

THIS had caused a cataclysm. From his redoubt he had shied the soap-smeared shaving brush at her and she in return had aimed at him the pouder puff which had caught him right under the business end of his snorting nostrils, causing the disconcerting effect of producing a fit of quick-repeated a-tishoos. Strategic retreat being out of the question, she had woman-like, created a barrage of petulant sobbing before her enraged husband had got over the fit of sneezing. There was a lull for a time during which Ramu had some how cleared the stubble off his chin and was in the throes of fixing a new stiff collar to his well-starched shirt. The facial contortions and the swaying movements of his body in forcing the big head of the collar button through the narrow stuck-up button hole on the collar front, had given weeping Padma a chance to move for a truce and she had advanced with a let-bygones-be-by gones—sort — of look and offered to help in the struggle to subdue the collar. This ill-timed flauntiug of the olive branch had only exasperated the grousing grumpy who more than once shocked her with his language. Very much piqued she had called him a mutt, a heel and a big ham as she ran down the stairs into the kitchen. Ramu had then left for his office in a huff, without even cocking a disdainful eye at the waiting breakfast.

That was the bally-ho which Padma found herself in, that morniug and that was the reason why she wept and sniffed. With her education and the feeling that she knew the ways of the world she had been sure, only too sure, that she was an expert in the difficult art of husband-craft she had thought that she could steer her matrimonial cab with complete control. But the incidents of the morning which sprouted out with the unexpected quickness of a tropical thunder storm, left her completely disillusioned and bedazed.

Not to be beaten, she proceeded to the nearest book shop with the attitude which King Alferd may have taken when he was driven into hiding by his enemies and bought the latest works on husband-craft. She studied them with even more zest than she had shown when she studied comparative philology for her degree. One piece of advice that men take a lot of babying and that husbands could be humoured and kept in agreeable temper by babying and babying alone, caught her imagination. The maternal instinct in her was stirred and she made up her mind to baby her husband Ramu.

Ramu blew into the house that evening with the face of Nestor and

the look of a misunderstood martyr. But Padma was undaunted. With a ravishing smile she recieved him gleefully and helped him pull off his caot and get into home wear. She stood by as he took his tea and pressed him to eat the toothsome confections she had got ready.

The ire that was seething in Ramu's mind petered out like a camp fire in a sudden down-pour.

"Is it a sari or a pair of bangles?" asked Ramu amazingly.

Padma just smiled and playfully stroked his hair. She found looking after 'the baby' was even easier than attending to her husband's needs.

"No, you naughty boy" she beamed. "Now come up and stretch yourself on the easy chair. You must be very tired after the office. Here's your newspaper." She adjusted a cushiou or tow as he meekly sat down as directed with a bewildered gaze, not knowing, what was afoot. The sari—cum—jewel idea buzzed in his mind like a bee in its hive. The babying had unsettiled him and his programme of vexatious teasing which he had planned as a retort to the morning's incidents fizzled out. He looked at Padma with the helpless look of a baby towards its mother.

Studied them with zest.

"Padma darling" he whispered in caressing tones." you are a brick. I'm sorry for my outburst this morning. You really want a sari or is it a bangle?'

Padma widened her eyes and put a cautioning fore-finger over her lips with the air of mother towards a naughty child.

"No baby" she cooed patting his head," now be reading like a good boy while I go into the kitchen." "But Padma, my dearest"—meekly asked her husband "why are you so kind today?'

"Because you're only a baby, you naughtily kid" trilled Padma as she went into the kitchen.

Ramu was flattered. The babying stunt had captivated him and there was no more tiff between the two.

WIN Rs. 250 GUARANTEED.

Entrance fee Annas Two per entry for each Competition.

Last Posting Date 20-5-1935. Key Solutions in 'Funny Magzin.'

MISSING LETTERS No. 18.
Place one letter for each dash to get the given meanings.

No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.
1.	PR — — E	Value.
2.	PRIM —	First.
3.	P — LL	Plunder.
4.	P — S —	Thrust.
5.	PET — —	Small.

ADD ONE LETTER No. 19.
Add one letter to get the given meanings.

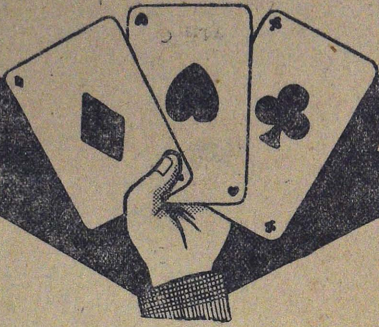
No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.
1.	BRND	Trade Mark.
2.	LRE	Learning.
3.	MAMET	Puppet.
4.	ANIENT	Old.
5.	BATTE	Fatten.
6.	TAL	Speak.

RULES:—Ref. Chambers XX. For each competition **Rs. 125** will be awarded to competitors sending all correct solutions or nearest to the correct solutions. Manager's decision is final and legally binding. Other rules as usual. Result will be published in Funny Magzin dated 5-6-1935.

Address all entries with proper fees to:—

The Manager, **The Midland Competitions, Mint Buildings, Madras.**

THE ACES



By K. R. HARIHARAIER.

VISWA AMBAR was the most talented composer of bust-proof grafting schemes I ever saw. As a finished, chiselled and polished Master of Stratagems, the presence of the 'needful' in other men's pockets was of course a matter of deep concern to him, and he took it as a personal grudge, if he couldn't relieve them of their troublesome burdens.

But of late, he had lost faith in the morals and good sense of humanity; and on those evenings when to appease the clamour of the tummy he had to pull in the belt a hole or two, you should hear him letting off steam upon the retrogressive effects of modern society, which every minute of its existence cast off those lofty ideals of simplicity and trust that characterised Old Adam and his Partner.

The reason for this discontent was that the inward flow of the silver had steadily dwindled like water from a tiled roof after a shower, He now became engaged in as many schemes for money making as there are M.S.S., in an Editor's W. P. B.

Now and then a pair or two simple and too-sure Chappies offered themselves to be plucked, but it was a precarious life he had to lead. There were whole weeks when he had to subsist on the 'Stop-Eating — and-Improve-Your-Health--System.'

ONE fine evening he strolled into the club to which he had managed to get admission as a member, and looked round to see whether there was any body there he knew. At one end of the room sat a solitary middle-aged bird immersed in a newspaper. Constant association with all varieties of rooks had developed a sort of sixth sense in Viswa Ambar and it did not take him much time to guess that here was a pigeon just waiting to be plucked.

Occupying a seat near the intended victim, Viswa ordered a stiff W. and S. while the waiter was gone on the grand, he cleverly got into conversation with his neighbour, and deftly led the conversation to cards and gambling. Personally he said he had no inclination for these games of chance, but only on occasions, did he descend to the level of the common run of humanity and enjoy a flutter or two.

The old bird was not slow in the up-take. Cards were forthcoming and the game began.

During the first half-hour the distribution of the cards was all that it should be, The betting was not very high, and the stranger was just a little to the good.

Suddenly one of the cards slipped through the fingers of Viswa, and fluttered down to the opposite end of the table. As his adversary knelt down to pick it up, Viswa with the deftness of a born conjurer, extracted three Aces from his sleeve.

Then the betting commenced in right earnest.

One, two, three, ten, twenty, fifty, hundred, two-hundred.....................

"Let me see you,' said Viswa. Down plopped the other's cards on the table.

One, two, three Aces! It was fortune with a vengeance!

Not even by the lifting up of an eyebrow did Viswa Ambar show his mental perturbaton. He calmly took a cheque book from his pocket, filled in the amount payable to bearer and passed it across the table.

The game began again.

Deftly Viswa shuffled the pack and dealt three cards to his opponent and three for himself. Of course he knew that he had dealt himself the three aces that had been all the while nestling in his palm.

The betting mounted up.

Fifty, hundred, two-hundred.........

Viswa. considered. This time he was sure of roping in all the dope. There were three aces in his hands, and *all the four aces of the pack*, he

knew, *were now resting at the bottom of the pack*, where he had consigned them during the shuffle.

"Three hundred," he growled

"Four hundred............"

Let me see you," cried Viswa,

Down went the hand.

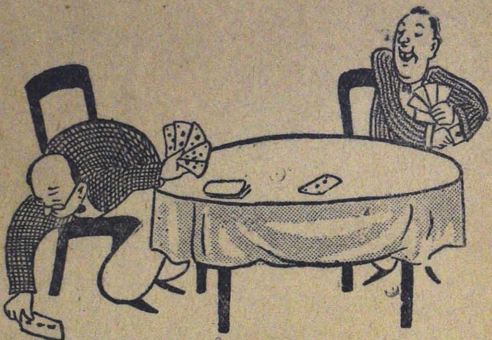
Again the three Aces!

With a gesture of disgust, Viswa threw all caution to the winds, and slamming down his cards on the table, turned up the offending pack.

And there, at the bottom of the pack, were four Aces!

Viswa stared at the middle-aged man, and the middle-aged man stared at Viswa, and then they both stared at the ten Aces, and the ten Aces stared at them. There was a brief moment of tense suspense, and suddenly both burst into a mighty roar of laughter which caused a gentleman who was sitting near by to drop a cup of hot coffee on his lady partner's lap.

"Let me introduce, myself" said the middle-aged man, "My name is Bang-o-Bang known to you perhaps by the vulgar epithets " Deft Finger !' And of course, I am in honour bound to return your cheque, am I not?" he asked ruefully.



— *Viswa......extracted three aces from his sleeve* —

"Oh thanks, you may keep it as a souvenir of our first meeting," laughed Viswa. You will be perhaps even glad to learn that I have, not a pie in that bank and for that matter in any bank at all!"

And they laughed the more, and slapped each other on the back, drank to each other's health, and slipped out of the club while the waiter was not looking.

Jataka Kanitha Sagaram

(IN TAMIL)

An exhaustive and complete treatise on

Astrology and Astronomy

BY K. KRISHNA IYER

An invaluable reference and guide to all things pertaining to Stars, Planetary influences on Mortals, Birth stars, Planetary tables, etc., etc. 225 pages. ***Price Rs. 1-8-0 Nett.***

Apply to :—ANANDA BODHINI OFFICE,
Post Box No. 167, MADRAS.

GENTLE LADY

Do not allow your most priceless possession, namely your glorious tresses, to become dry, thin, lifeless and bald. It is needless. Use our renowned **Shakunthala Hair Oil** and prevent it. This oil softens the scalp and nourishes the hair roots and brings about a luxurious growth of hair. It is of pleasing fragrance and is cooling to the brain. Use this oil for your hair and for your bath and you'll be convinced of its certain cure of baldness, thinness, skin trouble and brain debility. Numerous testimonials.

Price Per Bottle 12 as. only.

Apply to :—**SUPERIOR WATCH Co.,**
P.B. No. 167, Sowcarpet, Madras.

Blessings of Solitude.

"Out in Australia, where I live" said the lecturer, "neighbours live sometimes as much as twenty miles apart."

"It must be lonesome," remarked a listener.

"It has its compensations," continued the lecturer, "for instance, when one purchases a lawn-mower, it practically becomes one's own property."—*Hudson Star.*

Not Complete.

Marjory was visiting her Uncle Frank, who had a very handsome Manx cat. She looked at it in a puzzled way, and finally got up and walked slowly round it.

"Well, Marjory," said Uncle Frank, "how do you like Bobby?"

"I don't like it," replied Marjory; "it isn't finished."— *Christian Science Monitor.*

Compliment.

Wife "Scientists claim that the average person speaks 10,000 words in a day"

Husband: "Yes, dear; but remember, you are far above the average.' —*Epworth Herald.*

Small Deposit.

Teacher: "Tommy, if your father could save five shillimgs a week for four weeks, what would he have?"

Tommy: "A wireless-set, a new suit, and a set of furniture."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Inspired.

The new general manager was inspecting the branch office. "How long have you been working here?" he asked the office boy.

"Ever since the day the boss threatened to sack me," replied the young man. — *Christian Science Monitor.*

Nautical.

On a certain Sunday there was christening of babies at the morning service. At the dinner table that day a family was discussing the service, and father and mother said they liked it. The son said that he also liked it.

When asked what he liked best about the service, he replied; "The launching of the babies."—*Toronto Globe.*

That's true!

Judge: "How could you swindle people who trusted in you?"

Prisoner: "But, judge, people who don't trust you cannot be swindled."— *Toronto Globe.*

Foolish Risk

Teacher: "Robert, if you are always very kind and polite to all your playmates, what will they think of you?"

Robert: "Some of 'em would think they could lick me!"—*Chicago Daily News.*

Exit

When chemicals don't effervesce
Or otherwise clearly express
Reactions—be prudent!
One chemistry student
Was not—and swiftly made his eg
resce.—*Christian Sience Monitor*.

Talk About Dilemmas!

"Ah, good mornin' Mrs. Murphy, and how is everythin'?"

"Sure, an' I'm havin' a great time uv it between me husband and the fire. If I keep me eye on the wan, the other is sure to go out."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

His Mistake.

YOUNG ARTIST: "How did you like my paintings?"

Friend: "Great! That one of the fried egg was so natural it nearly made me hungry."

Artist: "Fried egg? Great Scott, that was a sunset!"—*Ottawa Citizen.*

Beyond Her Ken.

A PHYSICIAN attended an old lady from Scotland who had caught a severe cold.

"Did your teeth chatter when you felt the chill coming over you?" asked the doctor.

"I dinna ken, doctor; they were lying on the table!" was the pleasant reply.—*Labor.*

Tactless.

A TRAMP was sleeping on one of the greens of a golf course, and the secretary, prowling around the course, proded him none too gently and told him to clear out.

"Who are you?" demanded the tramp.

"I'm the secretary of the club."

"Well, that's not the way to get new members," said the tramp.— *Smith's Weekly.*

Far too Noisy.

Johnnie was gazing with a mixture of curiosity and disdain at his one-day-old brother, who lay squealing and wailing in his cot.

"Has he come from heaven?" inquired Johnnie.

"Yes, dear."

"No wonder they put him out."

'Every Body's"

Plays and Players on Stage and Screen

M. S. Vijayal in Rukmanghadha
(Now showing at Broadway Talkies.)

The Smellies!

When talkies took the place of silent films many cynics asserted that the only thing left for the pictures to do was to go 'smellie.' Now the 'smellies' have definitely arrived. This experiment was carried out during the performance of '*One Exciting Adventure*' at Prince Edward Theatre, London. In the scene Binnie Barnes uses perfume, and at the exact moment scent was wafted into the auditorium. Henceforth scent of flowers will be used in connection with scenes of gardens, ozone for sea 'shots' etc.

My Husband.

Talking of Film 'Stars,' how's this? Final sentence in a contemporary's life-story of Madeleine Carroll: "Asked to name her ideal man, she recently said, 'My husband'."

"Hallo Myself!"

Allen Ullmann, a well-known Montparnassian-American, bears a striking resemblance to Harpo Marx of the Marx brothers:—

Once, in Nice, Harpo walked right up to Allen on the street. "Oh look," Harpo said, pointing his finger, "there I am! How do I do? How am I? I haven't seen myself for a long time."

Bring 'Em Back, Buck.

Frank Buck is coming to India to make a new jungle Film for Radio pictures 'Fang and Paw.' He excepts to collect £ 20,000 worth of wild animals. In Nepal he hopes to net a pair of rare Indian Rhinoceri for a Zoo. An adult Indian Rhino weighs about 5 tons more than an elephant!

Business.

Talking about Garbo a good story is told by the Swedish actor Carl Geshardt, about his little son. When Garbo was in Sweden, she visited Geshardt, and as usual smoked a lot of cigarettes.

Edward Everette Horton, Frances Drake and Cary grant.

When she had gone he saw his son collect all her cigarette-ends. Later he asked the boy what he had done with the ends. "I took them to school and sold them for six pence each," the boy explained.

FILMS TO SEE

ROXY

Babes in Toyland.

Roxy's Easter gift to the public. Featuring Filmdom's greatest comedy pair Laurel and Hardy. A film guaranteed to make the whole family laugh. Full of delightful songs.

Toyland's Villain Barnaby holds Widow Peep's mortgage and Laurel and Hardy set out to pay it off. Widow peep has a beautiful daughter Bopeep and Barnaby craves her hand. How the laughter makers foil the villain's plan and free Bopeep is the theme of this fantastic and colourful comedy.

Evelyn Prentice.

Featering William Powell and Myrna Loy. Full of dramatic situations, the story is an adaptation from a famous novel.

(See them at the Roxy in Babes in Toyland.)

WELLINGTON

Roman Scandals.

Eddie Cantor and the Goldwyn girls! Spectacular scenes. Teeming with songs you'd whistle for many a day after you've seen this. Rollickingly Funny. Folks, those of you who had missed seeing this film are indeed lucky, at being able to see it. And those of you who have already seen it——Well I needn't write anything, for they are sure to see it a second time. Personally I am seeing it again.

PARAGON

Sadie Mcgee.

Joan Crawford at her best. If you want to see round-eyed Joan at her best, in a story that seems to be specially made for her, do not miss this.

Affairs of Cellini.

Featuring Constance Bennett and Fredrich March. The story is from Boccaccio's 'Decameron.' Love intrigues, The Pomp of the Middle Ages and sword fighting takes your breath away. Undoubtedly the best film of the Month.

T. L. Ed.

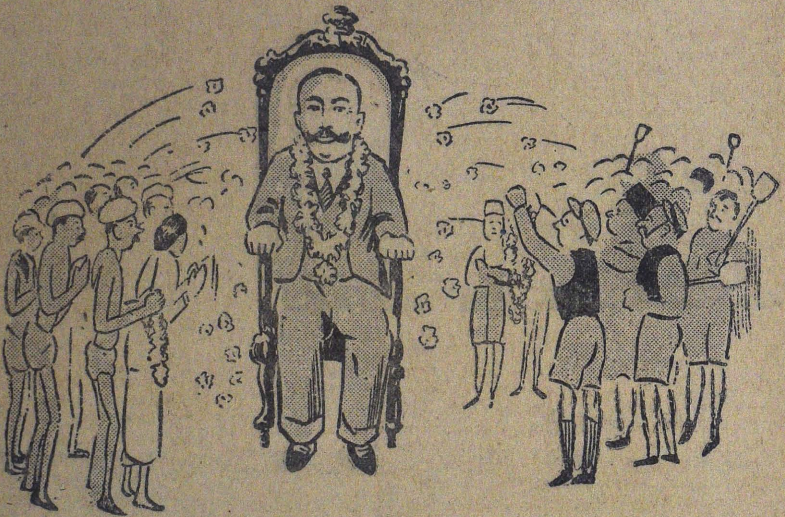
Mr. S. V. Subbiah Baghavather in "Subadra Haran."

DR. NATESAN,

Deputy President, Madras Legislative Council,

Fearless Friend of the Poor,

A Labourer among Labourers.



United Voices of Labour, Unemployed, The Depressed and Helpless Masses of Madras;

" Beloved Dr. Natesan, though late, the Madras Legislative Council has at long last done its duty and honoured itself by choosing you as its Dy. Preeident."

for youth &
VIGOUR
USE
NERVO PILLS
A GOLDEN & MIRACULOUS STRENTH IN 15 MINUTES.

PRICES	SILVER	GOLD
12 PILLS	Rs. 1/4	Rs. 2/8
25 " "	Rs. 2/8	Rs. 5/

NERVO PILLS CO.,
S.D.R.V. NILAYAM.
No. 1/380. MINT ST. MADRAS.

NERVO PILLS.

Strengthens your Nerves
Increases your Vitality
Maintains your manly powers.

When once you try a Pill you feel that you are tired no more, your Vim, Vigour and Vitality increase rapidly within 15 minutes, and that you are a man with all your manly powers in you. Then you will feel that you have hit upon the right medicine.

Please order at once and try it to-day

"Burn Your Libraries
To Advance Knowledge"

Suggests Sir C. V. RAMAN.

I DO not believe the story myself; but the story was that Caliph Omar said that if the books in the library were in accord with the Quoran they were useless; that if they were at variance with the Quoran, they were pernicious and that in any case they deserved to be burnt. The story might be true or false. On another occasion he had playfully suggested that Caliph Omar should be regarded as one of the benefactors of humanity. He had even gone to the extent of suggesting, playfully of course, that a periodical burning of libraries might be the best way of advancing knowledge.

"THE GREATEST LIBRARY"

The greatest library of all and the most eloquent too was Nature. The fault in much of the educational work of the present day was that it exalted the book and the printed word to a position they did not deserve. Whatever might be the case in literary and humanistic studies, it was undoubtedly the case that in the field of Science, the appeal should be to seek direct contact with Nature and to learn the facts at first hand and to relegate books and libraries to a secondary position.

He might also say he had with him one of the best of private collections. He said all this, he added, to show how any one actively engaged in the pursuit of knowledge would find it necessary to get together really useful publications from all parts of the world. The secret of successful library building was to have a body of people who knew the value of these books.

SENSE OF ARTISTIC BEAUTY

Referring next to printing, make-up, and get-up of books, and the manuscripts of the early ages of Europe and their artistic make-up, he said that each of these volumes perhaps took a whole lifetime to produce. One of the things they lacked at the present time was that sense of artistic beauty of the ancient lovers of books. One of the evils of printing had been the deterioration of the standards of book-production. The value of a book depended not only on the knowledge it enshrined, but on its beautiful and attractive get-up. Books should be worth looking at and worth reading through. Sometimes ancient treatises or journals or an insignificant booklet might contain a valuable contribution to knowledge. For instance, towards the close of one of his books Newton wrote, "Does light posses weight? It does, it must" This idea was developed two hundred years later, and it was one of the greatest sensations of research in Physics.

"Let them guard against one thing. In the desire to acquire old and ancient masterpieces or to clear antiquated rubbish they should not miss the importance of a Kalidasa, a Galileo or a Copernicus, whose names and works they should ever cherish. Time along could show who was really great and who was not.

PRESERVING BOOKS

The problem of preserving books was no doubt a great one. The heart of a book-lover would be torn if he should see the havoc wrought by the little insect called the worm and the books treated merely as an article of diet. But the activities of the insect were not occasionally without benefit. It relieved one of the painful task of distinguishing between the good and the useless. Various methods had been suggested as to how to preserve books and one of these was the constant use of books. But he was not sure of this as he knew of some readers who were really as destructive as the insects themselves.

USING A LIBRARY

The task of using a library was not an easy one. It would be far better to use the library at a rather late stage of one's studies than to use it at the very start. It was a mistake which some of the Indian students often committed of imagining that they must sit down in a library and read everything said about a subject. He did not want to run down the library habit. But it was not the art of reading but of skipping through a book and taking in at a glance its essentials that ought to be cultivated. Another thing they should cultivate was to learn to go to the fountain-head for information and to consult books, journals and treatises of real authority, and original articles, papers and memories. In every modern library, periodicals and current literature occupied an important place. It was essential that the student should be trained to read scientific periodicals to get to grips with problems as they arose and not to wait till they had filtered down and become comprehensible to the average person.

One of the great difficulties in India to-day was that they were dependent on other nations for books, journals and periodicals. As a man of science, he would stress the international character of knowledge. They could not shut and bar the door against new knowledge coming in from all quarters of the globe. But it was different when they were dealing with books of a type that could and should be produced in this country.

The M. & S. M. Railway Co., Ltd.,

(Incorporated in England).

EASTER SEASON TICKETS

10 DAYS'

UNRESTRICTED TRAVEL

BY ANY TRAIN THROUGHOUT **M.S.M.** RY. SYSTEM.

I Class	*II Class*	*III Class*
Rs. 75-0-0	Rs. 37-8-0	Rs. 12-8-0

These tickets will be issued at ALL STATIONS from the ***12th to 29th April 1935,*** available FOR UNLIMITED TRAVEL for 10 DAYS from the date of issue.

IN ADDITION to these Special SEASON TICKETS, the FOLLOWING USUAL EASTER CONCESSION RETURN TICKETS for I, II and III Classes will be issued **from the 12th to 22nd April 1935,** available for the completion of the RETURN JOURNEY by MIDNIGHT OF 8th MAY 1935.

Between any two stations over 100 miles apart.	*I and II Classes* At one and one-third single fares for the double journey. *III Class.* At one and three-fourths ordinary single fares for the double journey.	
Between any two stations 100 miles or less than 100 miles apart.	*I and II Classes* At one and one-third single fares. *III Class.* At one and three-fourths ordinary fares.	As for 101 miles if less than 2 single fares.

For details ask for pamphlets from the nearest M. & S. M. Ry. station or Town Booking office.

The Art of Verse Making

By H. N. CLAY.

ANCIENT and honourable is the gentle art of verse making. It is likewise an ancient though in my opinion a dishonourable belief that this is a difficult art to be proficient in. Though I may be contradicted I think it is as simple and easy to write verse, once you get to know the hang of it, as it is to use unprintable words when you step on a tack.

There are of course rules in this are as in every other and these I proceed to enumerate below.

In the first place you have got to have a clean white sheet and a pencil. There are various methods of procuring a clean white sheet and a pencil, including the one favoured by Mr. A. P. Herbert—that of attending directors' meetings—but the one most successfully utilised is that of going to the stationers' and asking politely for a clean white sheet of paper and a pencil. Stationers being what they are—unpoetic bounders with scarcely any romance in their hearts—will of course ask for money, and it is here that the ambitious verse maker has got to be on his guard. He must under no circumstances p a y t h e stationer. IT IS AGAINST THE RULES. However if he is really an ambitious verse maker, he won't have any money to pay the stationer with, and so my capitals are perhaps superfluous.

After procuring sheet and pencil, the verse maker should next cast about what is technically known as inspiration. Unfortunately, this is a very slippery fish, I mean the inspiration. It goes where it listeth, and it always listeth to go where YOU don't happen to be. However I have discovered that there are certain definite ways in which one may tempt inspiratiou.

Firstly the song of a nightingale is a never failing source of inspiration. The poet should go out with a pad under his arm and find a seat for himself in the park. If he does not doze off or spot his tailer (in which case of course he will have to hie away in all promptitude) he is bound to hear sooner or, later the melodious notes of the Divine Bird. But care must be taken that what is heard is the genuine article. I mean there is nothing more discomfiting for a budding poet than to be told after he has laboriously written an ode that what he has been listening to was not the song of a nightingale but the neighbour's radio having fits.

And now as I am on the subject of odes, I might as well add a few hints on how to write an ode. The first condition of ode writing is to possess a copious vocabulary of exclamations. The golden rule for an ode writer is " Be liberal with your exclamations ; and then some." I

append below a paragraph from one of my own famous poems :

Ode To The Cassowary.

Oh bird divine, Ahoy Ahoy
Oh AH you break my heart ;
Like the naughty little boy
With the arrow and the dart.

See the idea ? There are two Ohs and one Ah in four lines Of course if you are one of those creatures who ca'nt do without Cayenne pepper in their curry and sex appeal in their odes, you will have to cut out the 'little boy' and put in its place, 'dimply girl' or something, but that thing wont rhyme.

The second great source of inspiration is falling in love. More poems have been written by love sick swains than an other form of dipsomaniacs. It works like magic, I mean you have only to fall in love with a girl and before you know where you are you will be turning out reams of inspired verse (Purblind editors will of course call this slush, but then what *can* one do with these editors ?)

Talking of editors somehow reminds that there is always a great danger in this method of falling in love. Any amount of nasty questions turn up. How far should a poet fall in love ? Should he merely pretend that he is in love, or should he set about it in all earnestness ? And if he is really in earnest, who is to stop him from popping the question ? And if he does pop the question................There I am getting queer already.

The melodious notes of the divine bird.

'FUNNY MAGZIN'

April Lucky Number Scheme

CASH PRIZE RS. 100

Rs. 25 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the two 1st Lucky numbers.

Rs. 10 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the three 2nd Lucky numbers.

Rs. 5 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the four 3rd Lucky numbers.

The list of Lucky numbers will be published in the issue of Funny Magzin dated 5—5—35.

196751

Funzin's Fortnightly Cocktail

In America a sixteen-stone all in wrestler was flung out of the ring and landed on a reporter.

The latter did not mind, however, as he is a married man and quite used to being sat on at home.

⁂

"A jeweller is soon able to size up a customer," says a writer.

When a young man enters the shop and nervously clears his throat he is at once shown a tray of engagement rings.

⁂

A Frenchman has married an Austrian girl, although neither can speak the other's language.

It is, of course, quite useless for a husband to attempt to master his wife's tongue.

⁂

Caught taking pictures from an exhibition of modernist paintings, a man explained that he was a lover of art.

We appreciate his feelings in the matter, but he really shouldn't have interfered.

⁂

"If you take plenty of walks in the rain you will not have a muddy complexion," says a beauty hint.

The motorist who splashed past us the other day didn't seem to be interested in our complexion.

⁂

A poet declares that he would far rather be a carpenter than a politician. At the moment, however, there seems to be little hope of his being anything but a poet.

⁂

In Canada, a woman stunned a bear with a rolling-pin.

She explained that he had been growling for days about the meals being late.

⁂

There have been several cases recently of foot-ballers playing beautifully after being stunned.

Has consideration been given to the idea of stunning the team before a match?

⁂

"In the old duelling days," says a writer, "the settlement of an affair of honour could be a matter of five minutes."

And a couple of seconds.

⁂

A scientist points out that the sun is a great doctor. The trouble is that it is so difficult to get an appointment.

⁂

A recently-published handbook on horse-riding states that a restive horse should always be held by the head so that he cannot kick you.

On the other hand, if you hold him by the tail he cannot bite you.

⁂

"The burglar ran like a hare," stated a witness in a recent case.

We may safely assume that he didn't want to be jugged.

⁂

"It is unwise for anyone to endeavour to take away a bone from a dog's mouth," states a veterinary surgeon.

Unless of course it happens to belong to one's leg.

⁂

A critic says that Mussolini seems to think he is Italy.

Another opinion is that he merely considers himself the first syllable.

⁂

Telepathic communication is believed to be on the increase, but there is little support for the suggestion that it should be taken over by the Postal Department.

⁂

A queen bee will lay as many as 3,000 eggs a day in the height of the season.

The first scientist to cross a queen bee with a hen is a made man.

⁂

An American film-actress has insured her nose.

Screen stars, of course, have to be very careful of their voices.

⁂

Astronomers are making an attempt to weigh light.

Some grocers have been doing it for years.

⁂

A Telephone official says that the remarks of some subscribers are quite uncalled for.

So are a good many of the numbers.

⁂

"There is always a tie between father and son," states a writer.

And the son is generally wearing it.

⁂

Dr. S. R. BHAT, M. B. B. S. L. D. Sc., (Calcutta).
DENTAL SURGEON,
The X—ray and Electro—Therapeutic Dental Surgery,
289, CHINA BAZAAR ROAD, MADRAS.
(Opposite Corporation Fruit Market.)
CONSULTING HOURS,
8-30 A. M. to 6 P. M. WEEK DAYS,
8-30 A. M. to 12 NOON SUNDAYS.

The most fully equipped Dental Surgery, with Every kind of Electric Apparatus.

Such as X—ray, Diathermy,—Ultra—Violet Ray, Ionization, Violet Ray Etc., Etc.

M21, N33 FM N34·2·18

WIN Rs. 1,500

BY SOLVING THESE EASY PUZZLES No. 5 & 6.

Last date for posting entries :—26th April, 1935.

Prizes & Results will be posted to all entrants within a fortnight.

ENTRANCE FEE. For each Puzzle :—Annas 8 for the first entry & Annas 4 for each subsequent entry.

PRIZES. For each Puzzle :— ***1st Prize, Rs. 450,*** for the correct solution ; ***2nd Prize, Rs. 200,*** for one-error solution, and ***Extra Prize, Rs. 100,*** for three senders of the largest number of entries.

EASY PUZZLE No. 5.

Substitute one letter for each dash.

No.	Incomplete words.	Exact meaning.
1.	S— —RT	Sharp.
2.	D—KE	A ditch.
3.	STA— —	A pole.
4.	PE— —	To peep.
5.	SH— —	Pretence.
6.	M—TE	Anything very small.

EASY [cross word] PUZZLE No. 6.

1	I	D	I	N	G
	■	2	A	R	B
■	3 W	I		E	■
4	O	O	K	■	5 S
■	R	■	■	6 I	
■		■	■		B

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Doing this for escaped convict is illegal.
2. Makes one smart.
3. Comforts you when life seems dreary.
4. Helps one to enjoy quiet hour.

CLUES DOWN.

1. An interjection.
3. Man's should be reliable.
5. Related by blood. 6. Whether.

RULES & CONDITIONS GOVERNING BOTH PUZZLES.

Ref. Chamber's XX Century Dictionary, pp.1-1150.

Entrance money for both Puzzles may be sent by one M. O. and any number of plain paper entries for both Puzzles submitted under one cover. It is not necessary to write all the entries in extenso : the various alternatives alone, if so desired by any entrant, may be indicated. For the detailed result a self-addressed stamped envelope, bearing 9 pies stamp, must accompany entries. In case of ties prizes will be divided. Amount will vary in proportion to entries received. The correct solution is one which agrees with the Chairman's sealed key solution. On all matters, relating to these Puzzles Chairman's decision is final, legally binding and an express condition of entry.

All communications to :—**The Chairman,**

Easy Puzzles Syndicate, Sialkot City.

Sealed correct solutions of Easy Puzzles No. 3 & 4.

E. P. No. 3. 1. TRACE. 2. REIVE. 3. LOUP. 4. PENDANT. 5. BAIL. 6. PETIT

E. P. No 4. 1. DUVA, PURI. 2. THAN, BAJI. 3. PAPATT, NAK. 4. RUPA, CWN. 5. RAT, PISU

All prize amounts and detailed result leaflets were posted to all entrants on the 22nd March, 1935. For these LEAFLETS apply with 9 pies stamps.

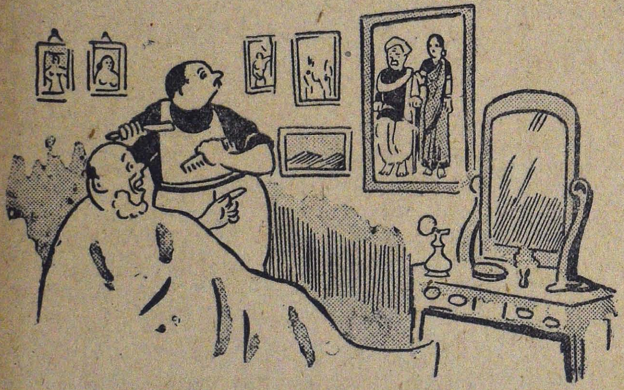
The Barber's Brother

BY CHEERY LAD.

THE new barber's new shop was decorated with photographs mainly of film stars. I love new things amongst which can be included new barbers. If my old barber had known that I patronized for once in a way the new comers in the profession, I would have to carry my life in my hands and my heart in my coat-pocket. But variety is *the* thing;

As I was saying, there were many photographs on the walls of the Saloon-de-luxe. The rays of light falling on a particular photograph, on reflecting struck my orbs of vision and a clear impression was formed of the said photograph in my retina. I gasped with astonishment! A thrill passed threw my cardiac muscles and made the heart jump. The photograph was of a very beautiful girl, and with his arms around her was a gentleman! Nothing wonderful in that, eh? But, the girl was wonderful!

I ASKED the barber who the happy pair were. His face at once changed-his lips twisted and the facial muscles so arranged themselves as to indicate there was pain in his heart, distress in his bosom, and anguish in his mind. And then he sighed—such a heart-rending sigh it was that my soft, velvety heart went out to him. It was a sigh that churned the milk of human kindness in me, into butter and plentiful at that. Heart was calling unto heart! Even the dumb-blind-deaf-lame begger in the street to whom I give a pice daily (now, now, be honest) could have perceived that this sigh of the barber came from the innermost recesses of his tummy. For, the said region receded six-inches backwards, the chest protruded four inches forwards. (Now' Mr. Editor, don't ask me whether I measured it all! I did), his nostrils quivered, a strange red light came into his eyes—but his hands did not flinch; he was smoothly shaving my chin. That showed the able craftsman he was; the artist he was not. "Business is business, and Romance is Romance, and business before pleasure," as the Scotch-boss said to his lady-typist.



I asked the barber who the happy pair were.

"Words fail me, sir," he said controlling a tremor in his voice, "My life story is a sad one and if you care I shall tell it to you next time you come. But remember this, Sir. I was not always a barber. I have seen better days."

After this, I was ashamed to pay this man, who had seen better days, the paltry—the very paltry, if you don't mind, sum of annas four only. My heart being touched to the core, I parted with eight annas to the barber.

I cannot say how I had the courage to balk my old barber feller twice consecutively, but I did, all the same. Why, the new feller looked like a Zemindar, now in monetary difficulties. Some girl, perhaps the one in the photo, might have jilted him when she found he was poor. And now I could see there was some resemblance between the man in the photo and the barber himself. What if they were the same?

I started to the barber's a week before the usual time. I was impatient to hear the romance of the man. My room-mates made fun of me. "Why so extravagant?" who is the attraction?" I waved them aside and set off. I found there quite another bloke of a barber; but the pictures were still there. "Where is the other chap?" I enquired. "You mean my brother, Sir? He is not well," he replied.

"Nothing serious, I hope. Last time he shaved me so nicely, that I could not patronize another," I flattered. He was pleased. "Thank you, sir, I pride myself I taught him the art, sir" he revealed.

"You did, did you?" I said, giving up my head like a lamb, (as Charles I did in those golden days)." By the way, do you know the said story of his life?" the Eve in me asked.

(Continued on page 29)

The Chosen Wife

By RUBIKON.

IF you want to be a dashing success in life," says the old pensioner "nothing like having a handsome wife."

Well, you may take it for it is worth. Any way, hardly a chap that dosen't want a decent thing to take charge of your home and yourself in the bargain.

DAMU was a self made if any there was. He rose from the machine room of the work shop to the Engineer's room. And all the hands under him would say, may be out of spite that success always provokes, that if ever there was a self made man, that surely was Damu. For, his right leg was a wooden one, having lost the original in an attempt to stop a, huge wheel but for which the whole workshop would have been blown to bits. His left hand was completely gone and substitutes for his fingers had to be found therefor. An erratic Splinter was responsible for an eye and he had the most charming glass eye that a Piccadilly Johnny could ever have had. His front dentals were detachable and attachable, at will: all these substitutions having been effected in plucky deeds of gallant life saving of workmen at the factory. The result of it all being that Damu who started life at the machine room had his punkah surging its airy melody over his head as he occupied the chair of the Engineer of the whole factory.

"Maybe, Damu, you will die in these dynamos and motors and leave none to mourn for," remarked his friend Susir.

"But why should any one mourn my loss? Is it not enough when one passes away that that should be the end of the matter?" Damu would ask.

"My dear boy," explained Susir, "after all that you have done and lost, what for all these if it be not for some one to make the heart proud? A chap like you, what needless waste of life if there be none who can partner your goodness and success?"

"By which you mean that I should get wedded?"

"Exactly, Damu."

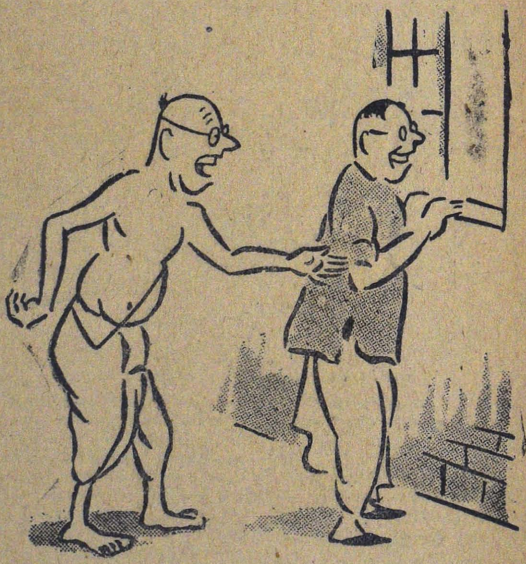
"But then, a good part of my life has been among these lathes and levers. I love them. My heart jumps with joy to see them bright and all of them running smooth and gentle like a happy family," was Damu's reply.

"Ah, a happy family, you said, Damu Well, well, but if folk like you plead that you are wedded to machines and mechanisms and feel a pride in them, how can you talk of the happy family when there will be no children?" asked Sisir.

That made Damu think.

Damu was a serious sort and did whatever he set his hand to as earnestly as if he were himself at a major operation on his own bowels.

He took down paper and pen and started with the heading in bold lettering, "Myself" and the wife." And under each heading he set down what each had to do and what each would need and his own ability to meet them. Careful reckoning stil left him a balance of half his salary. So on the head of "liablities" there was no objection to enter with a red pencil.



Plates Cups and Cakes

On the side of advantage there was the advice of the old Pensioner. Some value had to be attached to it especially as his fellow officer and chum Sisir had backed up the old friends dictum. And Sisir himself was a married man too with a number of children on hand and with every prospect of adding generously to the number.

Every thing seemed to lead Damu to the wedding mart. And he went about taking counsel of people who

knew about the matter and consulted books on the problem. He bought and borrowed literature on the snbject and had at the same time begun to revise mentally those whom he knew to find out if he could find anybody suitable to make the queen-bee of his hive.

Sisir again came to his rescue: "Why, Damu, if you aren't going about this business like an owl in the day and can't see a body like Miss Vakula just staring you in the face? You are a goat of a chap, I tell you."

"Ah, Sisir, that didn't strike me, But you see Miss Vakula is that kind of young woman that can reasonably look high and higher up. But you know I am a ordinary sort of machine man," protested Damu modestly.

"Damu, you are too mdest. If ever any body had a bad word to say against you, it is that you are that modest that we suspect that you would

were flying about.

have done more deeds of heroic self-sacrifice but that that your fear lest you should be recognized and rewarded kept you from such deeds. No, no, Damu, you know Miss Vakela is a breezy hefty girl and would be just the one who would throw any amount of life and light and what not in your home."

"You think so, Sisir?

"I do, Damu, Better see her brother. I remember we had a chat over the matter some time ago. Why dont you, Damu?"

Like one of those things which cannot be explained, call it kismet if you like Damu who always thought he was not good enough to got wedded suddenly got into his head thaf he must start life now and forth with as a man with a wife. And if he is going to get a partner, why not she be a handsome girl?

It is none of our job to find out how Damu worked his way to Miss Vakula's heart. But one happy day the were man and wife. And Damu was a happy fellow as he went out and came in to his own home where he had a wife as hand some as he could find.

"Sisir, my dear fellow, how is it you never come round to see us," asked Damu.

'With pleasure, Damu. But there is nothing out of the way I am sure."

"You don't need something out of the way to see a chap and his newly wed wife. If I am today living with the wife, it is on account of you. Surely, you owe it to us that you should have a cup of tea this evening if you can."

"What is the matter, Damu?" asked Sisir as they approached Damu's.

"Ah, that is the wife. But, wait here at the window till we know what the matter is," advised Damu.

Plate, cups and cakes were flying about.

Mrs. Damu was in one of those moods in which open hearted ladies find themseles when they are in a temper to which they give frank expression in an unmistakable mannér.

"Something gone wrong evidently, Damu," Sisir tried to excuse himself.

"No, no, Sisir, that only reminds me, and that too so often, of the kind hope you gave me about her when you advised me to seek her hand that she would throw any amouut of life and light in my home. That she does. Only the other day she smashed all the bulbs because the wireman had done something wrong. Today she is throwing out life because I come home hungry and the food is all thrown about. She has come up to your expectations more than I never dreamt. And as for the old pensioner's dictum, well, he will have something rummy from me whon next he comes round for his mug of beer."

(Continued from pages 27)

He was puzzled, for a time. "Oh, you mean the gal giving him the goby?" "May be. He said he had not been a barber all his life." I remarked. "No, sir. That he was not. He was the under-footman to Seth Kohinoor, sir."

I was astounded! I would have jumped some six inches in the air, if he was not shaving a particularly soft part-the neck. Committing suicide was never a weakness in my family!

So it was for a mere under footman that I had wasted my sympathies!

I was not interested any more but he continued, "He loved the scullery maid, sir; a disease I had never had."

"The scullery maid?"

"No, Sir, Love. My brother said that when he saw her first, there was a sort of creepy sensation below the fifth rib. But the lass married the under-gardener."

"Who are those in the photograph?" I asked indicating the one that had caused all the misunderstanding. "Seth and Lady Kohinoor, sir" he said. I paid him four annas.

ME AND MY WIFE

BY ALFRED BALL.

COMING calamities cast their shadows before. It is very kind of calamities that they warn us beforehand.

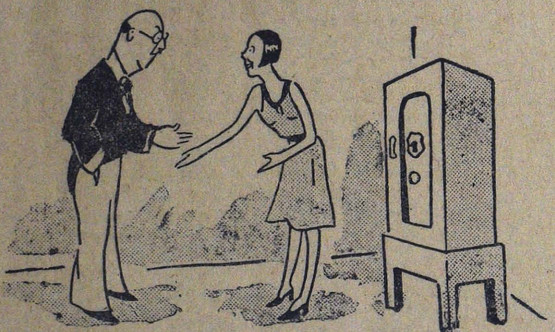
My wife cast her shadow across the thereshold of my study-chamber. Warned by the shadow I hastily concealed my papers into the desk and appeared very busy with the newspaper which, by the way, I had all but committed to memory. My wife then entered.

"I THOUGHT you were engaged in your stupid writing," she said. "I am so glad you are not."

Little Jane had been playing with her new-bought doll on the floor behind me. She betrayed me. "Daddy was writing, mamma" she said. "He hid the papers when you were coming."

Bertha, my wife and my self-constituted guardian, cast an angry look on me. Evidently she was hurt to the quick by my deception. "Why do you play this sort of trick with me?" she almost wept out. "Why do you treat me in this cruel manner? Can't you be frank with me? Am I not your wife?"

It was hardly possible for me to answer so many questions at a time; nor was it clear to me how, in what way, I had been cruel to her. However, in answer to her last question and in order to prevent her from bursting into loud tears (her favourite pastime) and calling the unwelcome attention of all the neighbours, I made no delay in saying "Certainly you are my wife, darling. Who denies that? Who has the courage to say you are not? Call him here and I will......"



I took out my pocket-handkerchief and with that wiped off from her eyes the tears that were not there at all. "No, you must not weep for this trifle, darling" I emphatically said. "You must forgive me this time I shall always be honest and sincere with you henceforth, and no more play any trick with you. But on one condition, honey."

"What's that condition, dear?"

"You will not object to my writing, or free-lance journalism as I call it."

"Why on earth can't you give up that infernal habit?" Bertha asked. "What good has ever come of it? And what good ever will come of it? You just waste your valuable time and energy which might be profitably spent in better occupations."

I then elaborately explained to her that my literary hobby was not waste of energy and time. I cited the examples of several great writers who had numerous literary disappointments at first.

"It is true that the blessed editors are sending back all my MSS. with wonderful promptness" I said, "but you should never forget that failures are pillars of success, and therefore the more failures I am facing, the stronger the foundation of my future success is becoming"'

"But...but..." she said. "You must promise one thing, Robert."

"And what's that one thing, sweet?"

"You must not try to erect more than one pillar in a week," Bertha said.

After much persuation it was finally settled that I might write up to four articles in a single week...

"Now, dear" Bertha suddenly said. "I was well nigh forgetting just the thing that I came here for. There's Greta Garbo to-day at the Regal, and I was just thinking of...... of... " she smiled.

"Obliging Garbo by a visit at the Regal?" I filled up the gap left by her.

"Exactly so. You are dear" she said. "Now please, send Bill to go and book our seats in advance."

As Queen Christina Garbo was simply marvellous. We enjoyed spellbound, and then came the interval.

"Doesn't she look like mamma?" said little Jane. "And the man looks like daddy." 'She' of course was Greta as the Queen, and 'the man' the lover for whose sake the Queen gave up her throne. Though the comparison was nothing but childlike, Bertha very visibly blushed. Luckily we were in a reserved box, all to ourselves.

"Do you know what I would like to taste now?" Bertha asked. I was

going to say something romantic, but the nurse was there. I simply asked "What?"

"Chocolates, of Course," she said.

Good. I'll go myself and buy a box of Cadbury's for you." When I returned with the box of chocolates imagine my surprise at finding our box empty. The show recommenced, but still it went on empty. I ran down, my heart almost bursting out in anxiety. Our car also was gone! I wondered what to do. I hired a taxi and drove home......

Bertha greeted me with a smile. "Why on earth did you come away without informing me?" I asked her reproachfully. "What if I fainted at the sudden shock?"

"I came away suddenly as I remembered I had left my safe unlocked and feared that the jewels might have been stolen. In the hurry I couldn't imform you. Won't you forgive me, dear?"

"Forgive you? Well, I can forgive you for anything. Now tell me, are the jewels safe?"

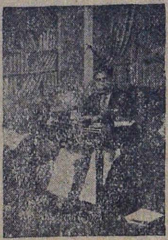
"My Lord!" she cried. "I have simply forgotten to go and see." She ran to her safe and I followed her. Wonderful memory indeed! Forgotten just the thing she had hastily returned for!

We found the safe safely locked. "I am so sorry" Bertha said, almost mournfully. "I totally forgot that I had locked the safe. I have come all this way for nothing! Dear me! Shall we go to-morrow again, dear? We have missed the second half of QUEEN CHRISTINA."

I knew the inevitable, and therefore nodded assent.

CLEAN TEETH GOOD HEALTH

Every tooth in a man's head is more valuable than a diamond—*Don Quixote*.



The mouth is the gateway of the body and it is essentially necessary to keep it sweet and clean for the sake of your general health.

Use Dr. Kini's Pyorrhoea Tooth Powder and get rid of the Dreadful Disease Pyorrhoea.

"I strongly recommend Dr. Kini's pyorrhoea tooth powder to the general public as a reliable and efficient tooth-powder" says the Health Officer, Corporation of Madras.

Full set of teeth delivered in a day.

Students Coached up in high class Dentistry.

Phone No. 2042

Dr. M. S. KINI (*Surgeon Dentist*),
288, Esplanade,
Opp: Corporation Fruit Market, Madras.

Agents wanted to sell.

BEST IN THE MARKET

THYMOL

TOOTH POWDER

Certified and spoken of highly by Eminent Doctors

Price per tin Re. 0—2—6 only.

MANUFACTURED BY

SRI KRISHNA TOOTH POWDER CO.,

213, China Bazaar Road, G. T. MADRAS.

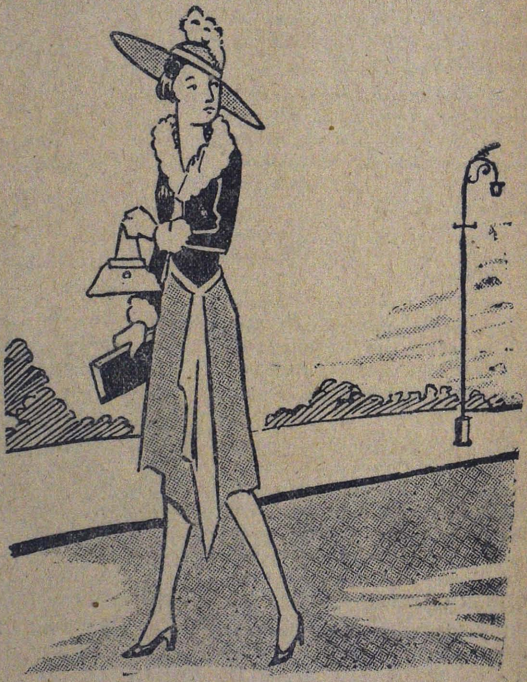
THIS AND THAT

By Bhrung.

MERLIN had come toher uncle's place to stay for a month with the idea of having a jolly good time with her cousins, Daisy and Doris, at the sametime seeing Bombay, which she had never visited before. Her parents lived in a small town, and though they had taken all precaution to teach their girl in the best manner possible, she had been kept aloof from all the fooleries of the present world. She was very beautiful with curly locks, bright hazel eyes and a oval face adorned with ruby-red lips. She knew not and needed not the earthly make-ups composed of various powders and charcoals, for she was amply gifted by the Creator with natural beauty, On the next day, in the evening, her cousins decided to take her to the Hanging Gardens, which is considered to be the beauty spot of the great city. Merlin always dressed in the most simple manner, but even in those garments she looked most bewitching.

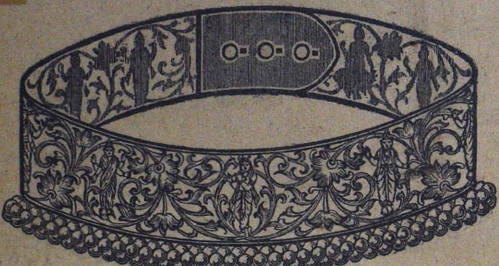
THUS Merlin in her simple garments and Daisy and Doris drove in their car to the garden. When they arrived there, Merlin expressed her desire to remain seated in the car, and so the other two left her to ponder over the beauty of the place and they went for a stroll.

Hardly five minutes passed, ere a youth, tall and handsome, superbly dressed, came over to the car and seeing her said in a sweet voice ," Ah! wonder of wonders! Haven't we met before! Surely we have seen one another. Why? I feel as if we are old friends. O dear one, don't say no. You have been haunting me in my dreams. You are ever in my thoughts. You are the light of my eyes. You are ever in my thoughts. I have been searching high and low, night and day, and at last when I have succeeded in finding you, oh, do not



be cruel and say that you do not know me.

Thus whispered this young handsome youth, this beautiful young Adonis that any girl would be proud to love and Merlin a simple innocent girl, that knew not the wiles of a man of this wicked world, fell in the trap. The sweet words whispered brought great joy to her young heart. A feeling that was most strange to her before began to creep within her. She took a great liking for the young man. Her heart that had never gone through such an experience before fluttered in joy and ecstasy. Her lips moved and her heart craved to utter something encouraging to the youth but modesty would not allow her to do so. Yet, in many a manner did she denote the joy she derived from his words, and her eyes spoke volumes. Promising to meet her the next day at the same place he walked away. After a while, Daisy and Doris returned and they wended their way homewards. On their way, as their car rolled on, they came



Scientific Gold Jewellery

(Substitute for real gold)

Highly appreciated by High Court Judges, Ministers to Government and other Eminent Public Men.

NEW CATALOGUE FREE

THE SCIENTIFIC GOLD BANGLES Company, Limited.

Head Office:— 43, Byragimatam St.
Post Box No. 203, MADRAS.

across a man, who wished them. Merlin's heart gave a great leap at his

sight, for it was he, who had whispered words of love in her chaste ears. When they had passed him, she, as if casually asked her cousins as to who the young man was. At that question, they both laughed and Vimla said, "Oh, that is Higgins the chap with the "Love at First Sight" story for every girl he comes across."

Merlin's heart sickened at the words. It was a great blow to her simple innocent heart. She had never dreamt that people could ever be so base as to try such meanness just for the pleasure of a moment. What knew she that the heart of a man, that is said to be the dwelling place of the divine Flame, the great gift of God, had become he abode of such filth and vulgarity ?

* *

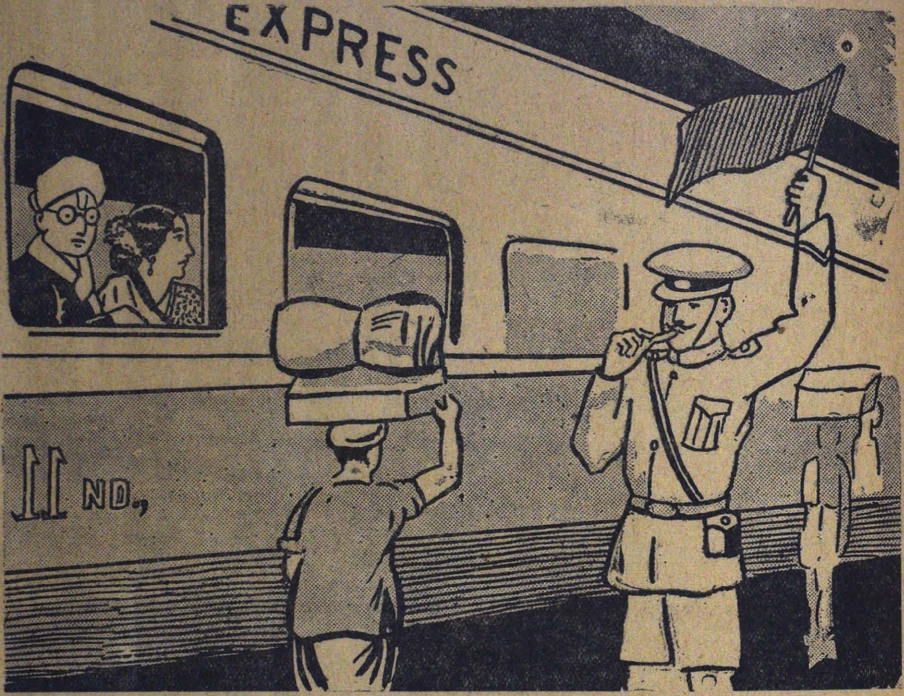
Roberts was romantic, as romantic as a man could be. He was crazy for romance, and sought for it high and low, but unfortunately he never came across it. Whole day long he would think, "Oh, only if I could find some one to love and be loved, how happy would I be ? " But he never found that some one so far.

One day, as he was strolling along the Marina in his best attire, thinking of a fair companion for himself, he espied a girl, a sweet smiling damsel of sixteen summers, coming in his direction. She was draped in a pink skit with a pink blouse. Even her shoes, the purse that she held in her right hand and the umbrella too were of a pink hue. Her gait was stately and her face lovely, with pouting, tulip-red lips. As she neared Roberts he wished her in a most cooing manner. A sweet smile greeted him in return, showing a row of pearl-white teeth. The smile was so captivating, that he at once fell in love with her.

Like a proud swan that is conscious of his beauty, like the peacock that is proud of his plumage, she practically floated a few paces away from him, abruptly turned her face, only to cast another deadly arrow with deathly precision on the already wounded heart of poor Roberts, and then she, so to say, sailed on. Ah ! What could poor Roberts do but follow her at a respectable distance. Thus onward she went casually turning her head just to offer Roberts another dose of the intoxicating nectar that flew from her twinkling fawn-like eyes.

Through mainways, streets and lanes they passed, she in her stately manner, enticing him to fellow her wherever she went. At last, she seemed to have gained her destination, for she entered a huge building, leaving him to stare and peer at the door, by which she had disappeared from his vision. Roberts felt as one who had missed something of his life. It seemed to him, she had taken his heart too along with her.

Suddenly, the balcony just above where he stood, opened and the maiden appeared along with another young man, and the words, "Just look at that fool. He has been following me like a dog. He is simply crazy. If I wish, he would even lick my shoes," came to his ears.



THE TRAIN

By A. C. PETERS.

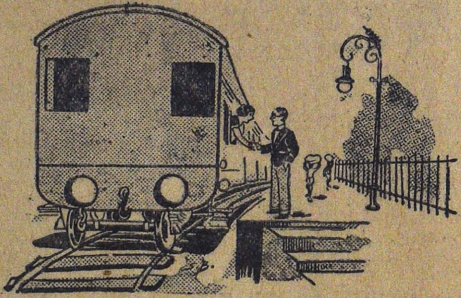
1. *See the restless, waiting, train,*
Hear it creaking, sighing, groaning,
See the engine puffing, foaming,
Like a bull-dog on the chain
Who finds waiting such a strain
That he tugs with might and main,
Just to be away again.
See the overflowing steam,
Like a giant in captivity
Like an over-flooded stream
That rushes up into a city,
While the people sleep and dream.

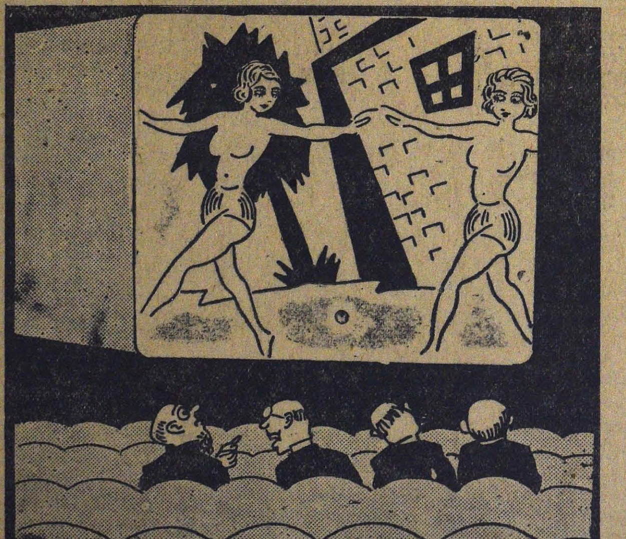
2. *See, the guard is whistling now,*
Whtch means you can 'chalo jao'
See the Driver sound the warning,
Which is not worth while scorning,
Or you will be left behind.
Hear the engine rattling, knocking,
OO-AH, OO-AH, while 'tis walking
Slowly with the train behind,
Slowly puffing, slowly starting,
While the wheels are grumbling, smarting,
At the friction, at the grind,
At the ground they leave behind.

3. *Hear the rhythm of the wheels,*
Hear the knocking of the track,
While the Engine's leaping, darting,
Running like a horse we back.
Hear the lovely CHUG-CHUG-CHUG-CHUG-
Pulling, puffing, running, snorting,
Jumping up, and bending low,
With a motion to and fro,
See it shaking left and right.
Running with un steady gait,
Just as Mister EDITOR.,
HAS BEEN SEEN IN SUCH A STATE.

4. *Hear the Music of the wheels,*
Don't you think it lovely feels,
To be trav'lling in a train
Running in a rythmic strain
Picca-dely, picca-del,
Picca-dely, picca-del.
Don't you think the Music's swell,
Picca- del, del, del.
See what lovely melody
Just a pair of iron wheels
Can create, that it steals
All our thoughts, from you and me.

5. *Hear the grinding of the brakes,*
See the slowing of the speed,
As a greyhound on the lead
For his destination makes,
Knowing that his task is done,
All the labour, all the fun
Of the chase is over now.
Thus the engine with a bow,
With a sickly puff-puff-puff,
With an OO-AH, OO-AH, OOH-
With a groan that's venting pain,
Jams the breaks, and stops again.





One Censor to another :—" Let us see it all once over before we censor it."

THE adoration of the Roman Emperors, which was introduced by Diocletian, consisted in touching the robe and putting the hand to the lips, or kissing the robe; a variation was the kissing of the feet or knees. The fact that Christians at the time of the younger Pliny were called upon, when arrested, to "adore" the effigy of the Emperor, was sufficient to to emphasise the ritual importance of the kiss.

The Popes are said to have acquired this sign of respect from the Emperor. Pope Constantine I had his foot kissed by the Emperor Justinian II on his entry into Constantinople in 1710. It is recorded that when the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa met Pope Alexander III at Venice in the year 1166, the Emperor fell on his knees before the Pope and kissed his feet.

THE Emperor Caligula used to kiss Mnester, the Pantomimic, publicly in the theatre, and Nero kissed Seneca.

In the books of the great Roman law-giver, the Emperor Justinian, there is a law entitled the "law of the kiss." Augustus and Tiberius issued edicts against kissing.

Assyrian kings say again and again in their annals that such-and-such a king came and kissed their feet, and the Black Obelisk of Shalmanesser III. pictures Sua, king of Gilzan, and Jehu, king of Isreal, in the act of doing this.

The following typical example is an extract from the records of Esarhaddon, king of Simer and Accad, "Yakinlu, King of Arvad, dwelling in the midst of the sea, who to the kings my fathers was not submissive, submitted to my yoke. His daughter with many gifts, for a concubine to Nineveh he brought, and kissed my feet." And so on.

In the old Egypian Empire, it was the custom to kiss the ground before the Pharaohs. The fact that King Shapeskaf allowed Ptahshepses, one of his grandees, to kiss his foot instead of kissing the ground before him, shows how strict etiquette was followed even under the old Empire. Under the new Empire it seems to have been rather out of fashion, at any rate for the highest officials, to kiss the earth, the words may occur occasionally in the inscription, but in the pictures the princes only bow down before His Majesty, it is only the servants who throw themselves down before him and kiss the earth at the sight of the Monarch.

Kissing the Sultan's feet was a usage in Turkey. The late King of Afghanis-

tan gave orders that no one should kiss his hands or feet saying that he too was a humble being like others. The same king spent twenty-five minutes in kissing soldiers in the ranks.

It is the custom at Eboe, when the King is out, and indeed indoors as well, for the principal people to kneel on the ground and kiss it three times when he passes.

The kings queens of England in ancient times practised the ceremony of washing the feet of beggars, in imitation of Christ, who washed the feet of his disciples. They washed the feet of as many poor people as they themselves numbered in years, and bestowed a gift, or *maundy*, upon each; the ceremony occurred on Maundy-Thursday. The last of the English Monarchs who performed this office in person was James II., in 1731, in his forty-eighth year.

Mediaeval charters make a pretence of kissing the king's feet.

It is said that Rolf the Ganger, the first Duke of Normandy, when receiving the Province as a fief from Charles the Simple kissed the monarch's feet by lifting them up to his mouth as he stood erect.

In the Court c e r e m o n i a l of Mediaeval and modern Europe, the kiss on the cheek obtains between sovereigns; subjects kiss the sovereign's hand. The ex-king M i c h a e l of Roumania at the age of six was aware of how the hand kiss should be applied.

In the middle Ages in Europe it was required of women to punish "kiss-robbers" with their own hands. Emperor Charles V could do nothing when he robbed a kitchen-maid of a kiss and was soundly slapped by her; she was within the law.

A kiss was the established fee of a lady's partner in most of the dances in the sixteenth century. So King Henry VIII says: "Sweetheart, I were unmannerly to take you out and not to kiss you."

When King Henry V wooed Katherine he exclaimed: "O Kate, nice customs curtsey to great Kings... We are teachers of manners, Kate... and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults-as I will, your, in denying me a kiss; therfore patiently and yielding" - (kissing her) - "You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate..."

When the cremonial of the coronation was taken to William IV for approval he said he would not be kissed by the bishops, and ordered that part to be cut out, but the prelates would not stand it; the Archbishop remonstrated and the King gave in.

The Empress Catherine of Russia instituted assemblies of men and women to promote the cultivation of polite manners. Among the rules for maintaining the decency of those assemblies she directed that "no gentleman should force a kiss from a woman in the assembly under pain of execution."

The kissing that took place when Seymour wooed the young Elizabeth is said to have had no harm; and Elizabeth when Queen, rewarded the faithful servants who made this very proper assertion.

Somewhat different were the kisses that the same Queen bestowed on the feet of thirty-nine paupers when she was thirty-nine years old. This she did in accordance with the custom at that time for English Monarchs to kiss, on Maundy-Thursday, the feet of as many poor people as they themselves numbered in years. This was done after the feet had been washed by yeomen of the laundry with warm warm water and sweet herbs, and afterward by the sub-almoner.

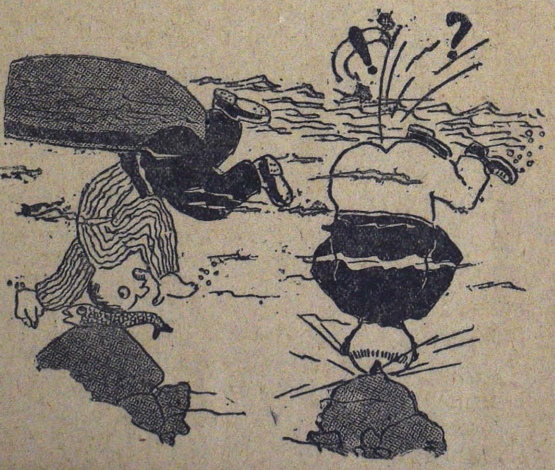
Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, used to lie upon the shoulder of Chastelard, the French Poet, and "sometimes steal a kiss of his neck."

It is reported of Magdalene Queen of France, and wife of Louis 11th, a Scottish woman by birth, that walking forth in an evening with her ladies, she spied M. Alanus, one of the king's chaplains, a silly, old, hard-favoured man fast asleep in a bower, and kissed him sweetly; when the young ladies laughed at her for it, she replied, that it was not for his person that she did embrace and reverence, but, with a platonic love, the divine beauty of his soul.

A similar kiss was that bestowed by Queen Margaret on the lips of Alain Chartier, the poet. "for uttering so many fine things." Chartier, however, was a decidedly ugly man, and, of course, was asleep at the time.

When Bulstrode Whitelocke was appointed by Cromwell as Ambassador to the court of Sweden, he was commanded by Queen Christina to teach her ladies to kiss in the English manner. Despite his Puritan proclivities, Whitelocke appears to have evinced no disinclination to carry out his instructions and he found that his pupils offered only "a few pretty defences."

A kiss that might almost be called a maternal kiss is that which Queen Victoria is alleged to have given on one occasion when she was inspecting the 45th Regiment of Foot at Aldershot. An Irish lad, named Mc. Coy and aged sixteen, was on parade. "I think you are too young to be a soldier yet," said the Queen "You should be at home with your mother!" And she stopped down and kissed him lightly on the cheek.



Just their luck!

Homely Hints on the Toilet

By J. H. ACOTT.

PART I.

THERE have been so many articles and helpful rules written on the subject of Beauty Hints that I tremble in sending this to any Editor. But perhaps what I say here may be something fresh.

Now, ladies, thine ears, please! I could almost see you prick them up then, in eager anticipation of some tasty morsel of the genus "Scandal"—but it's no good! I'm a respectable man. Read on, then, and by the time you've finished, you'll all be looking like Queens of Sheba instead of female gorillas at the Zoo.

I don't think there is any better starting point in this subject of Beauty than chilblains. Seems rather gross, but any of you ladies with chilblains will know that I'm not talking out of the back of my heel.

To cure chilblains there is only one reliable method. Rub the affected parts vigorously with petrol and then set light to them. You won't get many more chilblains after this treatment, not for a long time, anyway. If you have to get your fingers or toes cut off as a result of this method, don't mope about it. You will, in this event, know that you will *never* get chilblains again on your fingers or toes, whichever the case may be.

SO much for chilblains. They're not very interesting things at the best of times, although I knew a man once who used to shout "Hurrah!" whenever his wife got them on the toes. You see, they prevented her from following him about.

The next important thing we come to is that dreadful malady—in-growing toe-nails. You all know how these happen? To avoid an ingrowing toe-nail you should cut the nail square, and the edges should be trimmed, not with lace, but with a file. The old fashioned trick of cutting a V in the centre of the nail is pretty good. If you happen to be in love, you can cut the nail in the shape of a heart and draw an arrow on it in indelible ink. Perhaps you think the care of toe-nails doesn't come into the subject of beauty? But what about when any of your friends invites you to a sea-side picnic and you've got ingrowing toe-nails all over your feet? Yes, you're right. Decidedly awkward, what!

As regards our old friends, Bunions, I have not much to say. There's only one way of preventing them, and that's by wearing a shoe that fits your foot. And I know that none of you will pay the slightest attention to *that* hint! "My foot's a seven. Give me a pair of two's, please." That's part of your religion, I know, so I'll leave the subject of Bunions.

A corn is best removed by letting your dog gnaw it off. All dogs like a bit of corn now and then, although most of us think that that diet is solely associated with horses.

Flat feet, as you must all know, are caused by the insteps dropping due to constant standing So the next time you meet Mrs. Jones, or Mrs. Smith, or Mrs. Brown in the local greengrocer's, remember that that hour's scandal is going to give you flat feet.

The best way to remove freckles is to stick the affected part into boiling water. This washes them off so quickly that you hardly notice it.

I suppose most of you know that it's dangerous to stick to one style of hair-dressing? It sends you as bald as a badger in no time. So vary your methods in this direction, otherwise you'll be rushing about trying to stick bits of fur and feathers all over your cranium with chewing gum.

As regards finger-nails. These must be kept as short as possible, as it is quite likely that, in your next fit of temper, you may totally blind poor hubby.

Teeth, of course, must be cleaned every day. This can be best done by utilising hubby's moustache, or chewing on a bone of some sort. If you can get hubby to sit down while you gnaw his shin-bone, that'll be quite all right. Another good method is to climb up a "neem" tree, sit on a branch about 4 inches thick, and bite through it. This has an added advantage—you can use the branch you have bitten off as firewood.

Every woman likes to have soft hands, and hands that are white. The best way to acquire these is to either paint them with some good, quick-drying white enamel, or moisten them in water preparatory to immersing them in a basin of household flour. When you've pulled them out, you'll soon see what nice white hands you've got.

Blushing is a bad habit. Of course, you don't see so much of it these days amongst women, so I'll not trouble with it. The best way to cure it is to join a Nudist Colony.

There is a lot that I could say about the delicate subject of bathing, but time forbids. You should all knew that the best beauty bath is that taken in the rain. Rather awkward in a place like Calcutta, but quite O. K. in the Sahara. And here, too, you could get a good many sand baths, although these are only usually given to horses to keep the bugs out of their coats.

You'd be surprised how deep breathing keeps you fit. All you have to do in this case is to take a trip to Bombay motor out to Worli when the tide is

out, and start breathing deeply. This is done by taking a lot of air through the nose with a loud sucking noise, and so on into the lungs. (Worli air, when the tide is out, if any of you don't know, smells like Sulphuretted Hydrogen). When you've had your lungful, there's only one thing left to do. Die.

It is a well known fact that the woman of breeding is known by her perfumes. I am thinking of putting up a suggestion whereby each girl or woman may use a perfume that is in keeping with her own trade occupation or state.

For instance, the green-grocer's wife would smell like cabbages and turnips; the horse-breeder's wife like a stable; the typist like a typewriter ribbon; a farmer's wife like a bit of Gorgonzola; the public speaker like a gramophone; and my wife like a Bengal Tiger:

Well, Good-bye! There she is now, snarling pretty terribly!

PART II.

ASSUMING that the Editor to whom I sent my article on hydrophobia was bitten by a mad dog and consequently published the article, I have set out to give a few valuable hints on the toilet and other little daily problems.

Everyone of you knows how annoying it is when you get a tight finger ring stuck on one of your fingers. There is only one safe way of removing it, other than that of chopping the finger off. Don't use those old fashioned methods, such as putting soap and hair oil on the finger. The safest way is to eat nothing for a month. At the end of that time, the ring will fall off your finger quite easily. You may fall into your grave, too, but why worry about that when you have got that blasted ring off your finger?

Ladies, many foolish people tell you that to lengthen your eyelashes you should clip the ends of them once a month or so. This is all wrong. What you *should* do is to wait till your husband starts going bald and his hair is nice and loose. Then stick some nice home-made gum on your eyelids and rub your eyes all over your husband's head. You'd be surprised what lovely long eyelashes you get after this treatment.

To soften your skin don't use cold creams, ice-creams, etc. etc. Just boil yourself in water once a day. At the end of the first day your skin will be so soft that you won't be able to sit down.

And, ladies, you must take great care of your teeth, otherwise how will you be able to chew your food or bite that girl who had a better dress than you at the pictures the other night? Apart from brushing the teeth morning and night with a bit of sandstone, there are two other good methods to keep them strong and white. If you have a grass lawn, keep it cropped short by nibbling the grass on it every day. If you haven't a grass lawn, seek out a tree and bite all the bark off it. You could also chew a

A Scene from 'HOTHAL PADMINI'
(Will be shown at the Crown from 20th April)

lot of sand or scrape your teeth along the ground.

Gentlemen, remember that the use of razors has departed from the art of removing the stubble from your chins every morning. All you have to do now is to find a nice strong furnace and stick your face into it. All the stubble will be swiftly and convenienttly singed from your face in this manner.

There is only one way to fight against the ravages of baldness. Every morning, when you examine your comb and see all the hairs that have come out of your heads, I bet you throw the comb down, say "Damn!" and go out searching for patent remedies for baldness. This will get you nowhere. All you have to do is to keep a pot of glue on your dressing table, and every time a hair falls out of your head, why, you just stick it back on again.

As regards superfluous hair, I have not much to say. All these depilatories one reads about are absolutaly useless. If you *really* don't want to be troubled by this unwanted hirsute growth, I can only recommend to safe and sure methods. One is, get yourself buried at the earliest possible moment. The other is to die as soon as you possibly can

A good remedy for blistered feet is as follows:—When your wife asks you to run along to the bazaar and buy her something, just say "No!"

Warts are very troublesome things. To remove a wart, get hold of a strong pair of pliers and pull the offending thing from your ear or nose as the case may be. If it refuses to be pulled off, just say "Blast you! Fall off!" and the wart will see you're angry and won't trouble you any more.

Bay Rum is a very good wash for the head. I have found, too, that when you are hard up, it is a very good substitute for whiskey. And there are a good few chota pegs in a Bay Rum bottle!

If you are not very good looking and want to make yourself look much better, don't get your face lifted. Just walk backwards wherever you go, and no one will notice your face. Another method is to imitate an ostrich and bury your head in the ground.

A lot of ladies get very worried because they have large ankle bones that stick out about two inches. Now there's absolutely no need to worry at all. What, my dear feminine reader with large ankle-bones is easier than getting hold of a hack-saw and sawing the offending bones off? Nothing—unless you prefer to let a ferocious dog gnaw them off.

If you have knock knees, there is only really one good way of preventing them from knocking. This is not, as you may think, by bending the knees outwards with a piece of stick or iron or something. No, if you don't want your knees to knock, just start walking on your hands.

The best cure for a hump on the back or what is known as a "pigeon chest" is to stand on your head on the floor and sing "Horsey, Keep Your Tail Up!"

A very good permanent wave can be given to the hair by either running it through a clothes mangle, letting a steam-roller run over it, or hanging yourself to your clothes-line by it. In the steam-roller treatment, you must be careful that the steam-roller doesn't go over your head. If it did, there would be just the bare possibility of your being killed. Another very good method, which very few people know about, is to get somebody to keep telling you blood-curdling and terrifying stories. While you are listening, your hair stands on end; when the stories are over, your hair lies flat again. This exercise eventually gives it a beautiful wavy effect.

And in conclusion, always remember that looks are not everything. If you are good to look upon, you may have just run away with your brother's wife. If you are ugly, you may have been faithfully married to your wife for the last seventy years. "All is not gold that glitters!"—that's what the monkey said when he cracked a nice-looking coconut shell and found only a dead cockroach inside.

A Scene from '*Mohabhat-ki-Kasoti*,' *New Theatres Super* Hit. Coming shortly to the Crown, Madras.

HONESTY.

Mani walked moodily home from school, kicking stones as he went. He had just seen a Toy Engine in a shop window, and he had no hope of ever being able to buy them.

"Oh, if only Dad was back in work again," he thought, "he would get them for me."

A particularly large stone got in the way of Mani's feet and he gave it a hefty kick. It slithered along the road and stopped by a dark object.

Mani, running after it, stooped and picked it up. Then he whistled. It was a lady's purse!

* *

The boy looked round. There was nobody about. Quickly he opened it and peeped inside. Three five-rupee notes rustled together inside, and some loose silver was tucked away in a pocket. Also there was a card with a woman's name and address.

Mani was faced with temptation for the first time, and thrust the purse deep into his pocket.

What should he do?

He knew that by rights he should restore it to its owner,

His own family were poor. They were almost starving on their small allowance from the Home. Vividly—oh, how vividly, the vision of the Toy Engine rose to his eyes!

But, somehow, much as Mani was tempted, he could not be dishonest. He took out the purse again and looked at the address on the card.

• •

It was a big house that Mani came to with his find. The lady who owned the purse welcomed him joyfully. In it, unnoticed by Mani had been some letters of her dead son.

She asked him all about himself and gave him tea and cake, and a 5 rupee note for his very own for being such a good boy.

She was sorry when she heard about his father being out of work.

"What does he do?" she asked.

Mani told her; and she beamed delightedly.

"A chauffeur! How very lucky! Mine is leaving me to-morrow and I have been looking everywhere for a good man."

Thus it was, that when an honest Mani returned home, he was not only able to buy his Engine, but to tell his father that he had found him a job.

And wasn't he a hero?

Result of Children's Competition No. 9.

Correct List.

A Dart.
B Sharp.
C Belt.
D House.
E Ruler.
F Negro.
G Grain.
H Valley

The first prize of Rs. 15 goes to

D. R. SINGH,
c/o VELUSWAMY,
Station, T. R.,
Tindivanam.

who has submitted an all-correct entry.

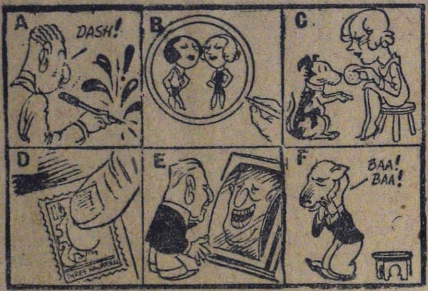
The Second Prize of Rs. 10 is awarded to

K. GANESA IYER.
No. 21, Perianna Maistry Street,
G. T., Madras.

whose entry contained one error.

Serial No.	Name.	Place.	Serial No.	Name.	Place.
35	Kamalam, S. ...	Trivandrum.	42	Vidyarthi, R. P. G. ...	Patna.
36	Ananthakrishnan, C. V. ...	Mysore.	43	Vasudeva Rao, S. ...	Gooty.
37	Barua, A. L. ...	Rangoon.	44	Annie, J. ...	Pudukotah, S. I. Ry.
38	Bashir ...	Sialkot City.	45	Leelavathi, M. O. ...	Shimoga.
39	Kanthan, N. T. N. ...	Mysore.	46	Harris Daniel, N. T. ...	Dhanushkodi.
40	Muthmonie, S. ...	Vepery, Madras.	47	Ramiah, P. M. K. ...	Madras.
41	Santhanam, G. V. ...	Madras.	48	Vedavyasa Rao, C. A. ...	Bangalore City.

COMPETITION NO. 10



Closing Date 12—5—35

1st Prize Rs. 15 (*Only for Children below 18 years*)

2nd Prize Rs. 10.

Here you see six pictures. There is also a list of clues given. Out of these find the correct clues to the pictures.

For example A is BLOT. Now proceed with the other five.

Children's Puzzle No. 10 (Coupon.)

CLOSING DATE 12TH MAY 1935

A. BLOT. *Age*............

B. ....

C. .... *Address*..............................

D. ....

E. ....

F. ....

....

....

LIST OF CLUES.

1. Mirror.	9. Sheepish.
2. Blot.	10. Buiscuit.
3. Circles.	11. Thumb.
4. Drawing.	12. Reflection.
5. Begging.	13. Make-believe.
6. Stamp.	14. Press.
7. Girls.	15. Pantomime.
8. Dog.	

Forward this coupon to 'Cousin Eddie' to become a member of Funzin's 'Youth League'.

Dear Cousin Eddie,

I wish to be a member of the Youth League. I enclose 4 as. in stamps.

Name...*Date of Birth*...

Father's or Guardian's Name...

His Occupation...

Sex...

Address...

Signature...

Date...*193* .

FunnyMagzin Competition

Rs. 250 CASH PRIZES.

In our 'Easter' Competition.

Closing Date 20-5-35. *Results on 5-6-35*

What you have to do

Below you are given 8 rows of incomplete words in which dashes are placed wherever letters are missing. You have to find out those missing letters with the aid of the clues given against each row and complete the words. For example in No. 1 E— —TER are given. The clue for No 1 is Christian Festival and the suitable answer for that is EASTER. So the letters A & S are missing in No. 1 Putting those letters in the vacant places the word Easter is obtained as the solution. Similarly the others also can be solved.

Words.	Clues.
1. E— —TER	1. Christian Festival.
2. HE— —	2. Attend to.
3. STEE—	3. An animal.
4. —EEP	4. Cry.
5. —AN	5. Vessel.
6. STU—	6. A nail.
7. S— —CK	7. A Stroke.
8. S—I—E	8. Piece cut off.

Rules & Conditions.

1. An entrance fee of **one anna** must be sent along with each entry. Entries must be in the Funny Magzin coupons. If the coupons are not available, Entries can be sent on plain pieces of paper with their name and address filled up. Each entry sent on plain paper should be accompanied by 2½ as. [1 anna entrance fee + 1½ as the price of the coupon.]

2. The First Prize of Rs. 150 will be awarded to the correct solution, that is one which agrees with the Editor's sealed solution and the second prize of Rs. 100 to the next best in merit. In case of ties, the prizes will be divided.

3. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to this competition is final. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the solutions that may be mis-laid or lost. No correspondence can be entered into.

4. Solutions must be addressed to the Competition Editor "FUNNY MAGZIN" Sowcarpet, Madras, and must reach the Funny Magzin office before the evening of 20-5-35. Entries received after the closing date will not be considered.

FUNNY — — MAGZIN

ENTRY COUPON

Closing Date 20-5-35

"Easter" Competition.

CLOSING DATE 20th May 1935.

1. EASTER
2. ... ...
3. ... ...
4. ... ...
5. ... ...
6. ... ...
7. ... ...
8. ... ...

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature ... ...

Name *Mr. / Miss or Mrs.* ... ...

Address ... ...

AN
UNIQUE OFFER
to
'FUNNY - - MAGZIN' Readers.

25% Commission will be allowed on face-value, if you just mention that you are a reader of 'Funny Magzin'!

G. W. M. Reynold's Big Type Edition Novels.

The Mysteries of the - - Court of London

The only true and exact copy of the Original!

This interesting and unrivalled novel abounds in amazing and spell binding incidents which will enthrall the reader. A daring exposure of the English Aristocracy, fearlessly related!

Published in 17 Vols. 17 Volumes at a time Rs. 17—0—0

Price per volume 1—2—0 Postage As. 7 extra.

NECROMANCER

A highly sensational Novel, full of startling incidents, told as only Reynolds can. Relates the story of Danvers who sells his soul to satan in exchange for longevity of life.

Price per set of 3 Vols. Rs. 2—4—0

SEAMSTRESS

A story which illustrates the triumph of Chastity under adverse circumstances. Full of moving tragic scenes and absorbing incidents.

In 2 Vols. (in one Bound) Re.

Rye House Plot

Wherein, the inimitable Reynolds narrates the story of Ruth, the conspirator's daughter. Contains the mysteries of Rye House Days and the innumerable Court intrigues.

In 4 Vols. Rs. 3—0—0 only per set.

ALFRED

The story of the adventeres of a French-gentleman. reveals the passionate love intrigues of Parisian society ladies!

In 1 Volume. Price Re. 1.

Bronze Statue, or The Virgin's Kiss

Considered by many as the author's masterpiece, this unique novel is one of the most interesting story ever written. Suffice it to say that the reader who peruses a few pages will not lay aside the book till he finishes it.

In 4 Vols. Rs. 3.

Stories Told by a Gendarme

An account of a thousand singular adventures which would make the reader avoid the crooked path of vice and pursue the course of virtue.

In 1 Volume As. 12.

G. W. M. Reynolds' Big Type Edition Novels.

The Queen's Prophecy

Contains the court intrigues during time of Queen Elizabeth, Highly entertaining and interesting.
In 3 Vols. Rs 2—4—0.

The Mysteries of old London

A novel which unfolds the mysteries of London during the 17th Century. Reveales the debauchery, crime, extravagance and profligacy, which existed during the period. In 3 Vols. Rs 2—4—0.

POPE JOAN

A vivid portraval of the extraordinary scenes in the court of a Despotic Sultan. In 3 Vols. 1—12—0.

The young Fisherman

An extraordinary story of the adventures of the only son of a nobleman, whose uncle resorts to cunning machinations to deprive him of his ancestral property. V Novel which one *should* read. In 1 Volume As. 10.

Robert Macaire

The adventures of a French Bandit in England. His recklessness and ruses would enthrall the reader and sustain his interest to the end.
2 Vols. (in one Book) Rs. 1—4—0.

The Young Duchess

This unique novel relates the adventures of a lady of quality. Full of gripping incidents and voluptuous scenes. In 4 Vols. Rs. 3.

Grace Darling

The story of Eliza Richards who in a moment of weakness becomes the victim of Stanley, and resolves to wreak her vengeance on the seducer. In 1 Vol. As. 12.

FAUST

An excellent romance abounding in thousand and one morals and well worth reading. The Notorious Borgia amily's adventures related here are well worth perusing.
In two Vols. Re. 1—8—0.

Mary Stuart

In which the inimitable Author reveals the true haracter of the Queen of Scotland.I n 2 Vols. Rs. 1-4-0.

The Massacre of Glencoe

Depicts the scenes of cruelty and horrible massacre during the time of religious quarrels in England.
As. 12; per copy.

The Soldier's Wife

Many consider this as the Master piece of Reynolds. Relates the adventures of a chaste young woman, who suffers all sorts of persecution to save her husband's, life. It is impossible not to be thrilled by this sensational Novel. Per set 2 Vols. Rs. 1-8-0.

Mary Price

The memoirs of a maid-servant. As every one knows Reynolds is an adept at coining out sensational plots, and in this novel he has surpassed himself.

Price per volume As. 12; per set 8 Vols. Rs. 5.

Joseph Wilmot

This is a comprehensive account of the adventures which befall a man-servant. Abounds in a vivid portrayal of crime, vice, murder, debauchery, chastity and virtue.

Price per Vol. As. 12; per set 8 vols. Rs. 5.

MARGARET

A story of a discarded Queen. Absolutely and thrillingly interesting from cover to cover!

Price per Volume As. 12; per set 4 Vols. Rs. 3.

Loves of the Harem

That Reynolds can imagine a strong plot and work it out with extraordinary skill is well-known and now from his magic pen comes a story of Constantinople, which confirms this, yet again!

Price per Vol As. 12. Per set 4 Vols. Rs. 3.

ELLEN PERCY

We need not harp upon the excellence of the author's plots. Suffice it is to say that this story of the Memoirs of an actress is an interesting narrative.

Price per Vol. As. 12 per set of 8 Vols. Rs. 5.

Rosa Lambert

A novel abounding in tragic scenes. Relates the adventures of a clergyman's daughter. This is the novel in which is depicted the courage and weakness of the fair sex.

Price per Vol. As. 12. Per set 4 Vols. Rs. 3.

THE SUPERIOR WATCH CO., POST BOX NO. 167, MADRAS.

Krishna Sanjeevi

The Soothing Balm for all Pains.

It cures by external application only all sorts of Rheumatism, Neuralgia-Spasmodic or sudden muscular pains, stiffness, swellings, sprains, Lumbago Gonorrhoeal and Syphilitic Rheumatism whether caused by external injury, chill or accumulation of uric acid or impure blood.

It is equally useful in chest pains, pains in the neck and even bruises and cuts.

Per Phial As. 8.

Sandanathi Thylam.

A best tonic food for the Brain. Regular use for bath and for hair dressing, keeps the brain cool, refreshing and sharp. Indispensable fo brain workers.

Price in tins of 5 Palams Rs. 1 0 0.

10 Palams Rs. 1 12 0.

GOLD PILLS.

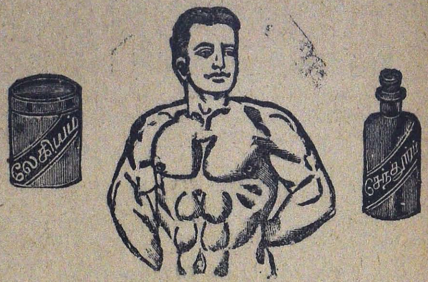
Youth in thirty minutes.

Old man and delighted young man will enjoy pleasures in life within 30 minutes.

Revives youth and vigour in thirty minutes by the use of Nervigour gold Pills. The world renowned specific pills for the impotent and hopeless and the best tonic for weak constitution and nervous Prostration. It is the medicine to get back the lost power with the lasting effect. It is a preparation on indigenous drugs with no bad after effect.

If two pills are taken daily morning and after supper with milk, coffee, ovaltine or water before going to bed, it will restore manly powers and it is useful to both sexes. No restriction of diet. One phial of 20 pills price Rs. 2.

Amirthasanjeevi Lekyam
AND
Ayakanta Bhaspam.



The Strength-giving and Nerve-Invigorating Elixir.

This remarkable medicine is without equal in all cases of defective nerve power, whether induced by worry, over-work, unhealthy climate, dissipation, excess of modern life, Sleeplessness, tremblings, palpitation, nervous dyspepsia, mental and bodily prostration. Muscular and local weakness, general and nervous debility, faulty nutrition, premature decay or deficiency of the vital forces, waste of vitality, harassing dreams, sudden startlings, dimness of sight, defective hearing, loss of memory, back-ache. nervous headache wasting diseases, night sweats, and all other phases of brain and nerve exhaustion, are successfully combated by this highly scientific preparation. It gives tone to the exhausted nerves, arrests all weakening symptoms, etc. restores the falling powers, and imparts new life and energy to what had so recently assmed "worn out" "used up" and "valueless".

In rebuilding the disordered nervous system—in enriching the impoverished blood, in removing the obnoxious and poisonous matter from the body, in giving a healthy tone to the shattered constitution and in bringing a doomed life back to youth, vigour and cheer —This Lekyam and Bhaspam are unrivalled and unequalled. These can be taken by all people of all ages and all sex with the greatest advantage.

Inland (for 24 days use) Rs. 1-12-0

Postage As. 8 Extra.

" (" 48 ") Rs. 4-0-0 (including postage.)

Foreign (for 24 days use) Rs. 1-12-0

Postage Rs. 1--4--0 Extra.

" (" 48 ") Rs. 5-8-0 (including postage.)

For foreign countries medicines will not be sent without money fully prepaid (as advance.)

SUPERIOR WATCH CO., POST BOX No. 167. MADRAS.

No Botheration of Coupons ! *No Division !!* *Individual Prizes !!!*

Rs. 200

FOR EVERY CORRECT SOLUTION

LAST DATE FOR RECEIVING ENTRIES:—4th MAY, 1935

The Parmount Missing Letters Competition No. 140.

(Sealed Key Solution Deposited with "Funny Magzin")

Substitute one letter for each dash below to get the given meanings.

No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.
1.	PART — —	In part.
2.	CAR—	Anxiety.
3.	HAL —	Stop.
4.	DRES—	Put on clothes
5.	SLA—	Strike.
6.	ROUS—	Stir up.
7.	ARRA— — —	Put in order.
8.	REN—	Split.

RULES.

Reference—Chambers XX Century Dictionary. **Rs. 200** will be awarded to *every* sender of correct solution irrespective of the number of correct solution received. No divisions. Rs. 50 extra will be awarded to the senders of first five correct solutions and another Rs. 50 to the sender of largest number of entries. An entrance fee EIGHT ANNAS must accompany each entry by M.O. only and Receipts must be attached to entries. Any number of entries may be sent at the requisite fee. Results will be published in THE RAINBOW (a popular fortnightly magazine giving complete solutions to almost all puzzles published in India) of the 14th May, available at all Railway Bookstalls and a copy of which will be sent only to those enclosing 2 as. Stamps with the entries. *The Prizes will not be reduced under any circumstances.* Manager s decision is final and legally binding

Address all your entries and fees to :—

The Competition Manager,

THE PARAMOUNT PUZZLES,

1-34, Cemetery Road, P.O. Washermanpet, MADRAS.

Missing Letters No. 122;—1, BLUNT 2, BYZANT 3. BOWSE 4, BRAND 5, BECK. The Prize of Rs. 450 has been shared by the following competitors, each getting Rs. 30,

1. K. P. Arunachal, Ramnad ; 2. R. Bhawani, Coimbatore ; 3. B. J. Chatrapati, Kathiawar : 4. R. V. Subrahmanyam, Chingleput ; 5. P. R. Rajam, Bangalore ; 6. N, L. Singh, Amraoti : 7. B. V. Rama Gupta, Calcutta ; 8. Bhasker Prasad, 9. Hari Kesav, Lucknow; 10. M. P. Lakkaih, Mysore ; 11. Gopaldas Lalchand, Drig Road ; 12. K. V. Rajan, Arkonam ; 13. M. V Lingam, Bhuleswar ; 14. K. Marriappan, Madras ; 15. V. N. Sen, Poona. The first five winners share the special prize of Rs. 50 each getting Rs. 10 extra. Prizes have been remitted to the winners.

POCKET Rs. 500 in "THE FIVE LETS"

OF

The Commercial Tit-Bits of India

(A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF COMMERCE & HUMOUR, ANNAS 12 ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION BY M. O.)

First Prize Rs. 350 (all-correct) Second Prize Rs. 100 (one error)

Minimum Prize of Rs. 40 Guaranteed for every Correct Solution.

Minimum Prize of Rs. 2 Guaranteed for every one errored Solution.

Rs. 25 for first five correct solutions posted on or before 1—5—35.

Rs. 25 for the sender of largest number of entries.

Last Posting Date 8th May 1935.

Entrance Fee :—Annas 8 per entry by M. O.

Substitute one letter for each dash to get the given meanings.

No.	Words.	Meanings.	No.	Words.	Meanings.
1	EV— —E	avoid	4	—R A— —	free
2	—I—	coin	5	BRI— —LE	apt to break
3	S— —T	blow			

N.B.—Reference Chambers XXth Century Dictionary. Bracketted words are not used. For further particulars see General Rules below.

Rs. 350 FOR COMMERCIAL CROSS WORDS !

First Prize Rs. 200 (all correct) Second Prize Rs. 125 (one error.)

196751

Rs. 8, 4 & 3 to the senders of largest number of sets.

Rs. 1… for correct solutions posted on or before 1—5—'35.

Last Posting Date : 8th May 1935.

Entrance Fee. Rupees 2 for any number of entries.

■	1 B	I		2 K
3 K		■	■	
4 I		■	5	■
	■	6		7
8		P	■	

Clues Across.

1. Cheat
4. During
6. Creek
8. Cut off........

Clues Down.

1. Native name for........... hemp. (without the last letter)
2. A Noun
3. Same as Clue 1 Across (letters jumbled)
5. Same as 4 Across (reversed)
6. Consonants
7. Interjection

Note :—Direct clues from chambers XX century Dictionary and all forms etc. are treated as such. "A, an, to, the," have been omitted in the beginning of the clues. Words within Brackets are *not* used. Random words should be avoided, and no word from Abbreviations section should be taken. For further particulars see General Rules. It is enough if the alternatives themselves are shown side by side.

GENERAL RULES :—The correct solution is one that tallies with the sealed solution in the possession of the editor. A competitor can win more than one prize and also shares. In case of ties the prizes will be divided. Entries on plain paper, with your name and address in Block Letters. The correct solution and the list of prize winners will be published in the Trade Supplement of The Commercial TIT-BITS of India, on the 16th of May 1935, and copies of the same will be sent only to those who enclose one anna stamp for the same. The solutions of both the competitions may be sent in one cover and also the entrance money in one M. O. Send entries, etc. to :—

THE PUZZLE EDITOR,

The COMMERCIAL TIT-BITS OF INDIA,

17 & 18, Broadway, Madras.

JL

M21,N33FM
N34.2.18

GUARD YOUR TEETH!

WITH

SIVAPRAGASA TOOTH POWDER!

It will keep your teeth Pearl-white, strengthen them and preserve them. A sure cure and preventive for Tooth-ache decay of teeth, fang Neuralgia, Gum boils, Piarrohea, etc.

1 Tin As. 2.

6 Tins As. 10 only.

"IDEAL"

HAND EMBROIDERY MACHINE

A marvellous invention with the aid of which any one without the least previous knowledge, could work on Silk, Zephyr, Plush, Velvet, Khaddar etc., any kind of Embossed Embroidery Work, Monograms, Pictures, Designs etc., with ease.

With the aid of this Novel instrument you can make delightful and original bed-covers, table-clothes, window curtains, undies etc.

Price of Machine with complete illustrated directions and sample of work.

Rs. 2-8-0 only.

NERVOLIN

THE IRON-TONIC

Builds mighty muscles! Unequalled tonic in cases of defective power. Cures all Nervous Diseases, General Debility, Premature Decay, Exhausted Vitality and all the results of overwork and dissipation.

Per Phial for 20 days' use Re. 1.

Per Phial for 40 days' use Rs. 1-12.

Nethra Bindhu

OR

Eye Drops

Diseases of the eye are very common in India. NETHRA BINDHU is the most soothing, cooling and healing remedy known. It relieves the optic nerve tension cures redness, ophthalmia, catarract, fleshy growth, ulceration watering of the eye, shortness of vision, iritis, sore-eyes, profuse flow of tears, purulent discharge, colour blindess etc. Does not irritate.

Per Phial As. 8 only.

Ringworm Cure

Speedily and Permanently cures all sorts of ringworms and other skin-diseases. Does not burn or irritate. A remedy which ought to be in every household medicine chest!

Per Phial 4 As. only.

Photo Album

FOR

Private Collectors

AND

Art Lovers

12 Beautiful real life Nature studies of sexes of Parisian, German and Indian beauties, posted in rhythmic motion just as an exacting artist would desire them. If photos tell the story, buy these genuine stuff and see for yourself. Girls in very tantalising and daring poses to show every thing to the best advantage. Many actual photos of men and women in affectionate French style love scenes. These are the kind of photos that you keep in your inside pocket and you make sure that there are no holes in the pocket either!

Complete set Rs. 1-12-0 only.

SUPERIOR WATCH Co., POST BOX No. 167, MADRAS.

VOL. II. NO. 18. REGD. NO. M. 2940

A SCENE FROM K. B. SUNDARAMBAL'S "NANDANAR"
PRODUCED BY ASSANDOSS

Printed and Published by N MUNISAMI MUDALIAR, at the "ANANDA BODHINI" PRESS,
No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudali Street, Sowcarpet, Madras—Editor; R. BALASUNDARAM, B.A., L.T.